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THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU

JUNE No. 25

\$1



THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

ALL NEW ACTION
THRILLER:
**SWORD
QUEST!**

EXCLUSIVE!
**ACADEMY
AWARD
WINNER:
STIRLING
SILLIPHANT
TALKS—
ABOUT
MOVIES,
MARTIAL
ARTS, &
BRUCE LEE!**

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THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

Vol I/No 25

June 1976

SAMURAI!

By Bill Mantlo & Pat Broderick

He had chosen to disobey his father. Now he would have to stand alone against the entire clan—but he had his sword and the fates at his side!

Page 7



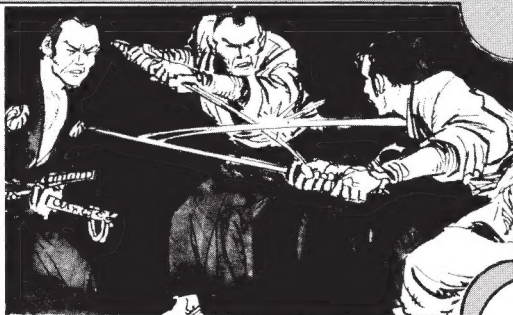
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By John Warner	

SWORDQUEST PART I: DESTINY CROSS-SWORDS!

By John Warner & Sanho Kim

16th century Korea. The Japanese invaded from one side, the Chinese from the other. But no one saw the true peril to all three nations—the Raven Samurai—until it was too late. Or was it?

Page 44





Dear Marvel:

DEADLY HANDS #21 was super. Even the cover was okay, though I prefer paintings featuring the fictional stars of the comic strips, rather than thematic interpretations such as this one. The execution of the artwork, however, was impeccable and imaginative and exquisitely rendered.

Chris' and Rudy's latest episode of Iron Fist was as fantastic as ever; Danny Rand is always amazing when he goes into action, and I just can't get enough of him either here or in the color comic adventures.

As for the White Tiger: Wow! I hope you don't have plans of killing him off, since his saga has me utterly captivated. The battle between him and the Prowler gave the full measure of excitement we Marvelites have come to expect. In fact, I'd just made up my mind to write you about returning the Prowler to action, but as always you were one step ahead of me. But let me request a reformation of the Sons of the Tiger as a team again, too; I'm sure you could work it out somehow, Bill, considering how inventive you've been in the past. Perhaps the White Tiger could join the team, along with Lin Sun. Think about it.

Lately, I've been enjoying DEADLY HANDS more than ever. Keep it up, and I promise to keep on sending kudos!

Wilson Rivera
89 Maujer Street
Brooklyn, NY 11206

It's a deal, Will—and we plan to hold you to it. And since you had occasion to mention the color adventures of the one and only Iron Fist, Cheerful Chris would have conniptions if we didn't seize on the opportunity to plug the aforementioned 25¢ mag right here and now. It's titled, simply enough, IRON FIST, and it's on sale eight times a year wherever classy comics are displayed in your neighborhood. We'll tell ya straight out, Chris, along with artist John Byrne, has been doing some fantastic plot-weaving on a separate storyline altogether than the self-contained mini-series that ran here. So pick up on it, people, if you

this column to one page, as you did recently in PLANET OF THE APES magazine. (I guess you can tell I'm a confirmed Marvelite, since it's rather unlikely that a martial arts maven would also be a monkey maven, but what the heck, I enjoy 'em all!)

I notice there's relatively little mention in any of the letters about Archie's eloquent editorials, so it's time I mentioned just how much I groove on them. Each one is like a little glimpse into the Marvel Bullpen, and I value them for that, as well as for the sometimes non-sequitur information Archie tosses off each time (I'll remember the anti-spray-can editorial from a previous ish forever).

At this point, I can't comment on the Iron Fist multi-part tale, since I'm waiting to settle down comfortably with all six parts for an action-packed afternoon of adventuresome reading. Sorry, Chris and Rudy!

The articles section seems to have come of age (that was one of the things I liked least about some of your earlier issues: The shallow movie reviews that merely reiterated the plots in turgid prose). However, I have my trepidations concerning some of the material you published this time around. Don't get me wrong, I liked the idea of a unified theme for the section, but what disturbed me most was the article on "Folk Weapons." You see, while the rest of the magazine is generally filled with flashing bo staffs, nunchakus, swords and so forth, those are not exactly commonplace articles likely to be available to the average impressionable youngster reading DEADLY HANDS. Push-pins and weapons of that ilk are, and I'm not sure it's admirable to give such ideas to people who may be prone to put those ideas into practice and thereby end up injuring themselves or someone else. I'm positive you never intended the article to be misinterpreted or to be put to use in that fashion, but sometimes it's good to be aware of how well-meaning intentions may not always be taken that way.

On to the Sons of the Tiger series, and it's current evolution. I'm still waiting to see what Bill does with this new character and plotline, before making any wild statements. So far, so good. I've always felt that the one unforgivable sin for a comic strip is to be boring. Bill's work is most emphatically not boring; moreover, it's sometimes thought-provoking and emotionally effective. Don't lose him.

Stephen Sturgill
2010 Floradora Drive
Louisville, KY 40272

Archie, John and the usual gang:

I just finished reading DEADLY HANDS #21. Truly, Larkin has surpassed himself, to create a masterpiece of a cover; I had difficulty in believing it was really his work! Please, congratulate him for me.

The inside cover was all right, and while most people probably don't notice these things, I just want to compliment you on standardizing your contents page design and sticking with it for enough consecutive issues to establish a consistent style.

"Enter the Letters" is one of the more enjoyable features of the magazine, but then I always enjoy seeing what the readers have to say. I'm one of those types who flips to the letters first, before even scanning the rest of the mag. Please don't ever consider shortening



Guess that's about enough for this time, but since you people have been making all those requests for reader response, I thought I'd take you up on it to the full measure. Ciao!

Bill Jo Hopper
4240 Peachtree Avenue
Atlanta, GA

Hey, Bill, we're glad you took us up on that offer. Archie is still basking in the afterglow of your comments on his effervescent editorials, since it seems he's always struggling with a new one, and it's nice to know that someone out there actually reads the blasted things.

In the course of your lengthy critique, you bring up a valid point for discussion, Bill, and we're going to address ourselves to honestly answering the query you pose as best we can. Over the years there has been a running debate concerning violence in media, and how it may or may not affect an audience. Particular individual opinions here in the Marvel Bullpen are, as usual, quite widely at variance. However, we can generalize and sum up our policy to the extent that we're pretty much always felt the kind of violence portrayed in, say, our superhero comics was fantasy so far removed from the real world that it presented little more than a harmless and enjoyable temporary diversion from the everyday pressures of contemporary life. Yet, we've always been our most stringent watchdogs on those selfsame color comics, just the same.

That was one of the reasons for our expansion into the black-and-white magazine market. To allow for a bit more adult experimentation, since our more mature readers could easily follow us to the magazine rack, while the higher price and different newsstand placement would discourage our younger audience. Still, the point you raise is valid, and a similar thought crossed our mind prior to publication of the "Folk Weapons" piece, though at length we opted to go with it as an accurate and insightful piece of reporting.

Balance is the best way to describe our approach to the articles section of DEADLY HANDS and, as we're sure you've noticed, our emphasis has been as often on the entertainment aspects of the martial arts as it has been on actual fighting expertise. In practicing this policy, we run the risk of alienating both factions of our readership, but we also face the creative challenge of pleasing a much more diverse readership than we might otherwise reach. So it's a mixed bag, and the fact that we've come this far without getting more complaints indicates some small measure of success.

We just wanted you to know, Bill, that we're not impervious to such considerations as those you mentioned, and that while we're able to make mistakes as the next guy, we do put some thought into our editorial decisions, and we're always trying to reach the right ones.

Thanks for keepin' on top of us, just the same, since we depend on you people to let us know if and when we do evince errors in judgment.

More than enough said, Bill!

Gentlemen:

This is a plea for more recognition of Bruce Lee, the man. I am neither a kung fu practitioner nor a martial arts cultist, but it is clear to me that beneath those flashing nunchakas and blood-freezing screams there was man and a very fine actor. Therefore, I derived some satisfaction from the editorial attitude you expressed on the widespread ripping off of Bruce Lee. Let us have more of the man, and less of the commercialization carried on in his name.

Lately, let me mention a recent book, BRUCE LEE LIVES? It qualifies among the most blatant attempts to cash in on the popularity and charisma of Bruce Lee. Please reveal it to your readers for what it is.

D. Lites
Grim Hotel
Texarkana, TX

You're not the only one who's written us about Max Caulfield's paperback exploitation novel, and we made a special point of putting out an advance warning in last issue's "Fighting Arts Review" column; meanwhile, we're in the process of preparing a review of the book for an upcoming issue. We, too, are fans of Bruce Lee, the man and the actor, and callous disregard for his memory distresses us as much as it does you.

Dear People:

Regarding DEADLY HANDS #21: Somehow, you managed to put out a better magazine than usual—even with the reduced page count. If you keep up the quality exhibited this issue, maybe the decrease won't hurt so much.

As usual, the Sons of the Tiger episode overshadowed the adventures of your resident martial artist, the K'un-Lun Kid. Mantlo turned out another entertaining yet frightening tale. The violence exhibited by Mantlo and Perez holds the reader in fascination at how frail the human body can be; yet it seems to also show, on the other hand, how powerful it is. I hope the White Tiger is going to be around for more than a few issues. The character fascinates me, and all I can say is: "More! More!" I enjoy

the background characters; instead of speaking the usual horrible english with established Spanish words, these people actually speak Spanish! Mantlo is doing something original in comics and stands to be commended. It tends to keep us on our toes trying to figure out what the heck they're saying.

Touching on the secondary (?) strip in the book, we find that Chris Claremont has written another good story. In my eye, Claremont stands up there with my favorites Englehart, Thomas, and McGregor. What hurts the Iron Fist strip (and the Shang-Chi strip before it) is Rudy Nebres. No offense, guys, but his work is too scratchy and cluttered for an action strip. Nebres does draw excellent exotic settings, however, so why don't you experiment and put him on a gothic or SF type story? Meanwhile, it would be nice to see Larry Hama back on Iron Fist.

Lastly, I even found the articles innovative and fresh for a change. If only they could be such interesting reading all the time.

D. B. Webb, Superstar
(No address given.)

Dear kung fu kings:

Just a quick note. Your Iron Fist serial is shaping up into a fine venture. I'd begun to look down on the character, just prior to Chris Claremont's excellent expansion of the concept, but now I'm hooked . . . not just to his adventures here, but also to the color comic. It's nice to see that Iron Fist Daniel Rand is retaining some of the enigmatic qualities which make a character interesting.

The Tiger Sons are in transition, as it were, so I'll wait with my verdict on that strip. It was nice to see them get a oneshot color co-starring role in the recent MARVEL TEAM-UP comic, even if they're splitting up now, never to reform.

Keep on kickin'!

Mark Dooley
105 Wehmeier Street
Columbus, IA 47201

No doubt we will, Mark—unless we're run over by a truck or something. Excuse our morbid levity, but we tend to get this way by the time we've eaten a bag of pretzels and typed our way through an unabridged edition of "Enter the Letters." We even get a trifle long-winded (as you may have noticed from our answers this time), but what the heck . . . that's Marvel! More critiques, commentary, and kung fu chatter next ish—but only if you write. Please do.

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022



OF TIME AND TIGER SONS

Without really planning on it, this has turned out to be a special issue of sorts. Naturally, in our own heads, they're *all* special; certainly we work hard to make them that way. But in the past, we've done special *theme* issues. This time, in our comics section at least, we seem to have come up with an All Samurai, All Sword-Slashing issue. It didn't start out that way, and the fault lies—as long time Marvelites can no doubt already see coming—with that ol' devil, the Dread Deadline Doom.

After the conclusion of our six-part IRON FIST saga last month, we scheduled SWORDQUEST, a four-parter conceived and written by Associate Editor John Warner and drawn by Sanho Kim (future episodes will feature art by Tony DeZuniga). No problem there, as a glance at page 44 will show you. But for some time now, we've been plagued with problems on our long-running SONS OF THE TIGER strip, most of them stemming from our search to find a regular penciller on the feature after the departure of George (Pacesetter) Perez.

Together with SONS scripter, Bill Mantlo, George was instrumental in giving the feature a solid new look and direction that has helped to make it one of the most popular in the book. When demands for George's talent in our cavorting color line of comics—such as taking over as regular penciller on the popular FANTASTIC FOUR—made it necessary for him to give up SONS, it

was a considerable loss.

Finding a replacement wasn't easy. Keith Giffen stepped in to help us out on two episodes while the search was on, commendably striving to retain the flavor and feel George brought to the strip. Old pro Gil Kane (of SPIDER-MAN and, currently, INHUMANS, fame) heroically volunteered for the task, then found after one episode that the monthly pace, added to his other artistic commitments, was going to be too much to maintain. Most recently, we discovered a talented newcomer, Jim Sherman, whose pencil samples and interesting approach to martial arts type action induced us to give him a crack at handling SONS. But by now, we had lost considerable ground on our ever-pressing monthly deadline, and this time, finally, we just couldn't make it.

Fortunately, a reserve job by Bill Mantlo and Pat Broderick, whose meticulously detailed artwork last appeared in these pages in the IRON FIST-SONS OF THE TIGER team-up story for issue #18, had just been completed and we were able to substitute it in place of SONS. It's called SAMURAI (as a swift glance to the immediate right will show you) and it's about as off-beat a saga as we've run; touching on mysticism, iaido-style action, and even the often

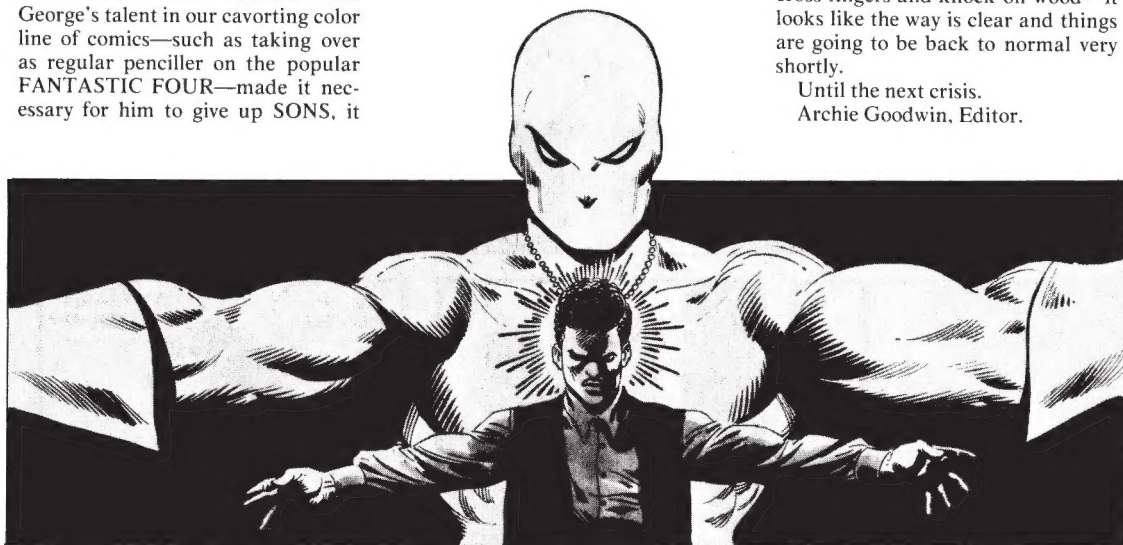
inevitable dichotomy of East meeting West.

Next issue, SONS will pick up where we left off, and give you a look at the Mantlo/Sherman/Tribe effort originally scheduled for this month. But what does the *future* hold for White Tiger and Company? Well, pretty good news from our point of view. Thanks to a little loosening up in his schedule, George Perez is going to be coming back on the strip as regular artist. To see that George has a running start against the schedule, we've gotten another Marvel stalwart, Ron Wilson (now chronicler of the adventures of one Benjamin J. Grimm alias The Thing in our MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE color comic) to pencil two fill-in issues for us. As always, scripter Bill Mantlo is keeping a watchful eye and a tight typing hand on the whole procedure to make sure the complex continuity stays intact through all our shifting and shuffling of art personnel. Hang tough, William, relief is in sight.

Of course, this being mixed-up Marvel where things have a way of changing more rapidly than the weather, I can't let the last paragraph pass without hedging slightly. Something *could* come up; something *might* go wrong; and George wouldn't be able to take back the art reins as announced. But right now—cross fingers and knock on wood—it looks like the way is clear and things are going to be back to normal very shortly.

Until the next crisis.

Archie Goodwin, Editor.



SAMURAI!

THE SUN IS
VERY HOT.

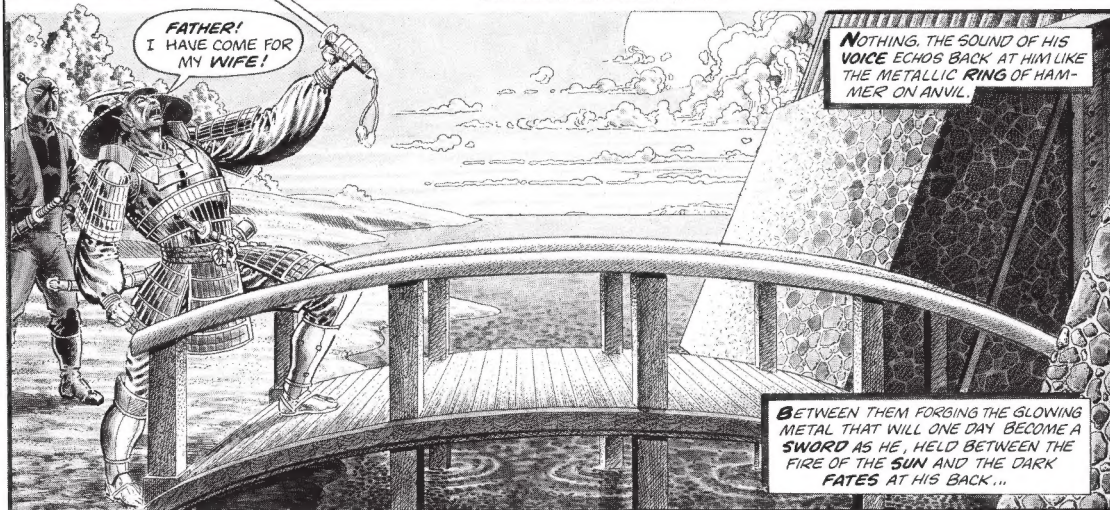
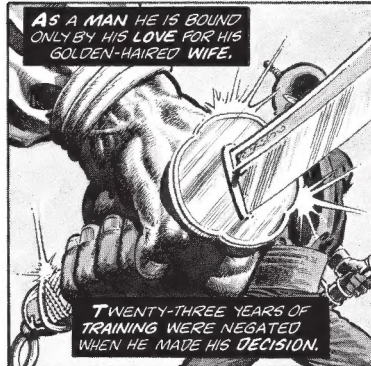
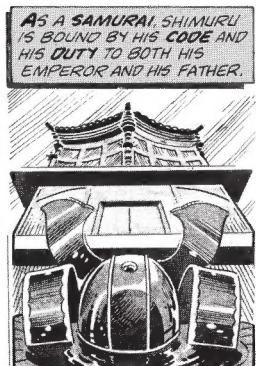
FOR HOURS... EVER SINCE
HIS EXHAUSTED MOUNT HAD
FALLEN AWAY FROM BENEATH
HIM... **SHIMURU** HAS BEEN
AWARE OF THE HEAT **BAKING**
HIM WITHIN HIS DUST-CAKED
CASING OF **BRONZE**.

AWARE OF THE **SWEAT**
RUNNING DOWN HIS
LIMBS, SOAKING HIS
CLOTHES ... MAKING HIM
STINK.

AWARE OF THE **BLOOD** STAINING
HIS SWORD LIKE **RUST**... OF THE
DISTANCE HE HAS COME SINCE
SUNRISE... OF THE CLOSED AND
BARRED GATE OF HIS FATHER'S
FORTRESS.

AND AWARE THAT SOME-
WHERE BEYOND THOSE
GATES IS HIS WIFE... STOLEN
FROM HIM ON THE NIGHT
OF THEIR MARRIAGE...

... BY HIS
FATHER!





MY WIFE,
FATHER!

WHERE--?



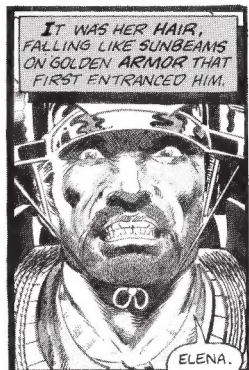
HERE IS YOUR TIRE SOME
ENGLISHWOMAN, SHIMURU-SAN!

LOOK WELL AT HER,
MY SON! IS *THIS* A
FIT WIFE FOR A
SAMURAI?

SHE HAS NO
SERVANT-INSTINCT
-- NO OBEDIENCE.
SHE IS WILLFUL!

AND YET THIS
IS WHAT YOU CHOSE
TO MARRY--DESPITE
THE CLAN RULING!

SHIMURU!



IT WAS HER HAIR,
FALLING LIKE SUNBEAMS
ON GOLDEN ARMOR THAT
FIRST ENTRANCED HIM.

ELENA.



IT WAS
YOUR RULING,
FATHER!

YOU ARE THE WAR-LORD!
YOUR WORD IS LAW!



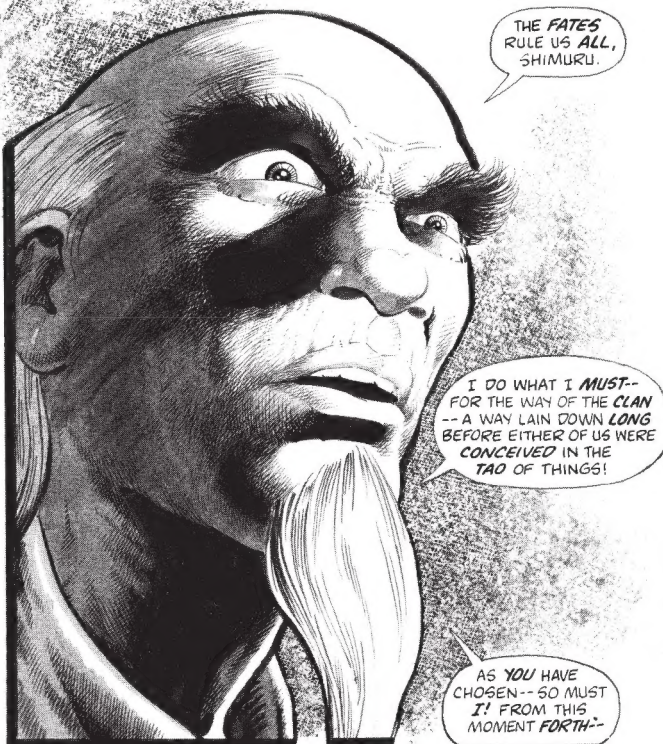
BUT EVEN YOU CANNOT
DECREE THE WAY OF THE
HEART!

IT IS FATED
THAT I DEFEY
YOU, OLD ONE!

I CAN
DO NO
LESS!



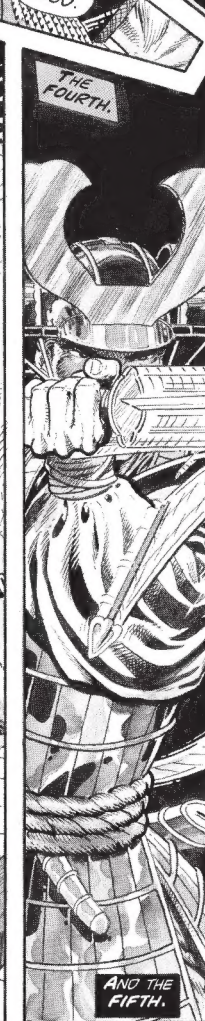
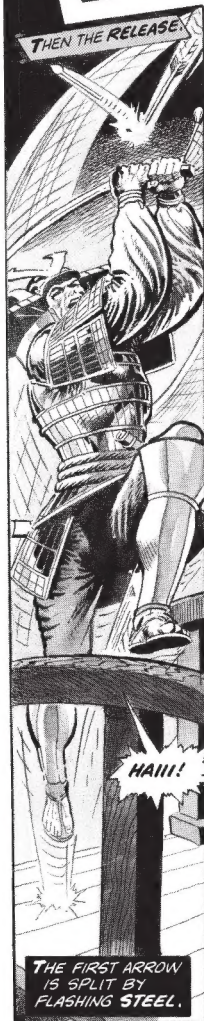
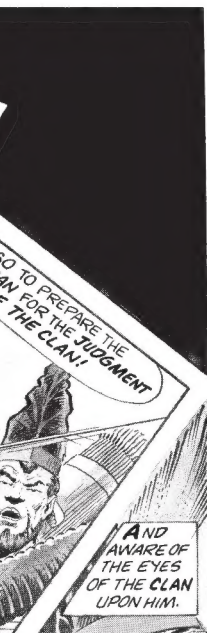
THUNK



THE FATES
RULE US ALL,
SHIMURU.

I DO WHAT I *MUST*--
FOR THE WAY OF THE CLAN
-- A WAY LAIN DOWN *LONG*
BEFORE EITHER OF US WERE
CONCEIVED IN THE
TAO OF THINGS!

AS *YOU* HAVE
CHOSEN-- SO MUST
I! FROM THIS
MOMENT *FORTH*--





THE ARCHERS
HAVE **FAILED**,
MY SAMURAI!

THE **JACKAL**
STILL BAYS AT
THE **GATE!**

HE WILL
NOT **ENTER**
MY **LORD!**



NO... HE **MUST** NOT
ENTER! HE HAS **DISOBEYED**--
HE IS **NOTHING!** HIS
WOMAN IS AN **OUTSIDER**--
SHE IS **NOTHING!**

SUCH IS THE WAY
OF THE **CLAN!**

MY LORD
KARASU!



I--WHY ARE
YOU **DOING THIS?**

WHAT HARM IS
THERE IN **SHIMURU**
AND I **LOVING**
EACH **OTHER?**

WHAT HAVE WE DONE
WRONG THAT YOU SHOULD
HATE US!



I DO NOT **HATE**
YOU, WOMAN-- FOR
YOU DO NOT
EXIST.

ONE CANNOT
HATE THAT WHICH
IS **NOT!**

YOU CAN'T
ERASE ME BY JUST
SAYING THAT!



I'M **REAL!**
I **EXIST!**

KILLING
ME WON'T
CHANGE
THAT!

PERHAPS.

AT ANY
RATE-- WE
SHALL **SEE!**



THE DAIMYO-LORD SAYS THERE IS **NOTHING** WITHOUT THE GATES WISHING ENTRANCE, SHIMURU!

ARE YOU THAT NON-THING OF WHICH HE **SPOKE?**

I AM DRIVEN BY **PASSION** TO ENTER, SAMURAI!

IT IS DESTINED THAT I PASS **WITHIN!**



WHILE YOU PASS ONLY TO **HELL!**

MY FATHER HAS SENT HIS **WATCHDOGS** TO RID HIMSELF OF THE **WOLF!**

CURS! IT IS **GOLD** WHICH BUYS YOU, SAMURAI! **SILVER** WHICH MOVES YOU TO **BATTLE!**

YET IT IS NOT **MONEY** YOU WILL **BLEED** WHEN MY **BLADE** SEEKS YOUR **HEARTS!**

ARE YOU **WARRIORS--** OR **WASHER-WOMEN!**

SHIMURU BARBS THESE MEN WITH **GIBES** HOPEING TO AROUSE IN THEM AN **ANGER** THAT WILL CAUSE THEM TO **DISPLACE** THEIR **SKILL.**

PEAH! YOU WAVER LIKE **BAMBOO-STALKS** IN THE FACE OF A **STORM!**

IT IS A **DEADLY** GAME HE PLAYS, FOR ALTHOUGH **FATE** HAS TOLD HIM THAT HE WILL **WIN,** PAST THESE **SAMURAI...**

...BEYOND THAT, AND ONCE WITHIN THE **FORTRESS,** THE **FATES** REMAIN **SILENT** AS TO WHAT WILL **FOLLOW.**



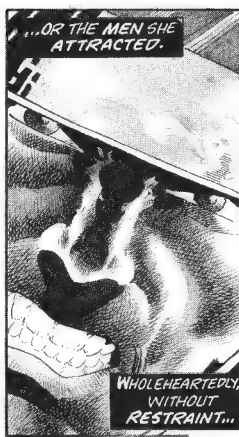
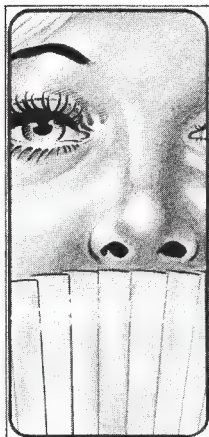
AS SILENT AS THE
DAY HE MET...

...ELENA.



SHE TOOK TO THE
CUSTOMS OF HIS HOME-
LAND AS SHE TOOK TO
EVERYTHING ELSE, BE
IT HER FATHER'S
CHRISTIAN MISSION...

...THE CHILDREN
SHE TAUGHT...



...OR THE MEN SHE
ATTRACTED.

WHOLEHEARTEDLY,
WITHOUT
RESTRAINT...



...AND EXPECTING EVERY-
THING IN RETURN FROM THOSE
SHE ALLOWED TO TOUCH HER.

SHIMURU GAVE HER
WHAT SHE WANTED.



WITHOUT
CEASE.

ELENA...

HUSH,
MY LOVE--

--AND
KISS ME!



DOG! I WILL
BE DETAINED
NO LONGER!

GKKK!

THE GROUND BENEATH HIM
IS SLICK WITH GORE...THE
MUD CRIMSON.



BUT WITH EACH
DEATH HE DRAWS
NEARER THE GATE.

NEARER HIS
MEMORIES.



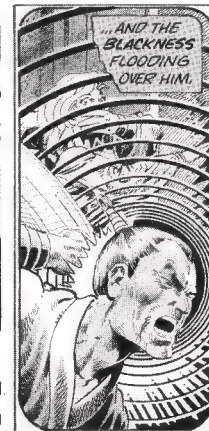
ALLOWING THEM
TO FAN HIS ANGER
TO A STEADIER
FLAME.

CALLING BACK THE
MEMORIES OF HIS
WEDDING NIGHT.



THE FEELING OF
DRAWING HIS WOMAN
CLOSER TO HIM...

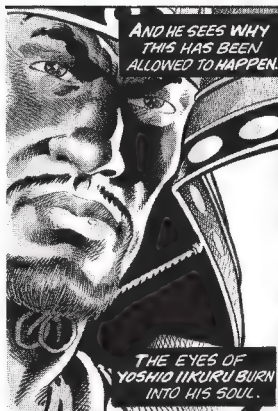
...AND THEN THE
NOISE AS OTHERS
PULLED HER AWAY...



...AND THE
BLACKNESS
FLOODING
OVER HIM.



THE LAST FOOT-SOLDIER
GOES DOWN BEFORE HIM.



AND HE SEES WHY
THIS HAS BEEN
ALLOWED TO HAPPEN.

THE EYES OF
YOSHIO IKURU BURN
INTO HIS SOUL.



THE MASTER OF HORSE
FACES HIM ACROSS THE
DEATH-STREWN BRIDGE.

GREETINGS,
SHIMURU-
SAN.



I WILL ROAST
IN HELL BEFORE
I GREET YOU IN
RETURN, IKURU-
SAN!

IF THAT
BE YOUR WISH,
SAMURAI--



-- THEN WISHES ARE
NOT THE UNATTAINABLE
THINGS THAT MEN HAVE
SO LONG THOUGHT THEM!



SHIMURU FEARS THE
HOOVES OF THE BEAST...

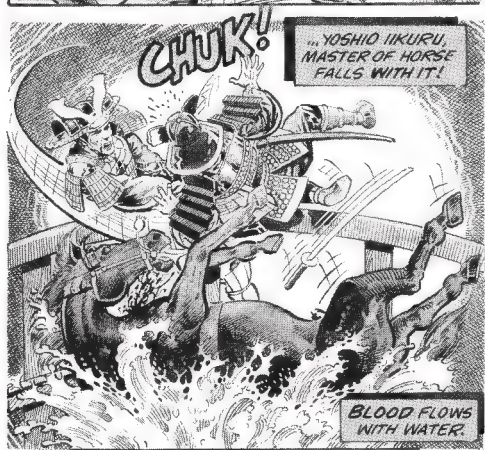
... BUT HE KNOWS HIS
FOE. KNOWS IKURU
WOULD NEVER LET A
BEAST DO...



AND THEREIN LIES HIS
WEAKNESS. BY FOR-
GETTING THE HORSE... HE
HAS LET THE BEAST
DIE BENEATH HIM...



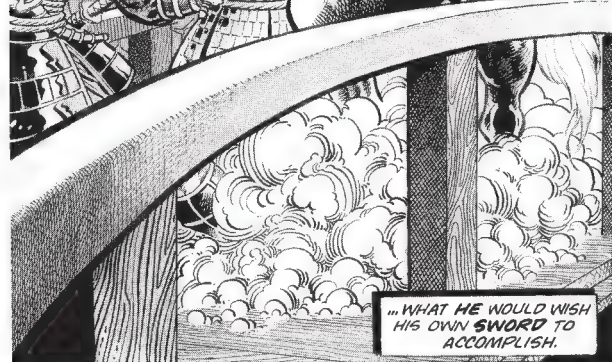
... AND WHEN THE
BEAST FALLS...



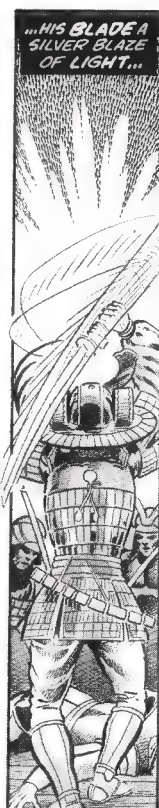
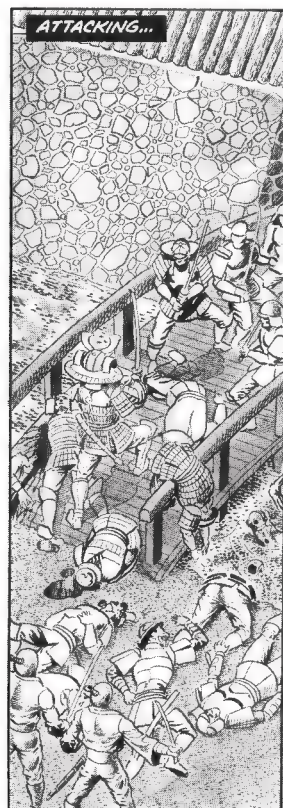
CHUK!

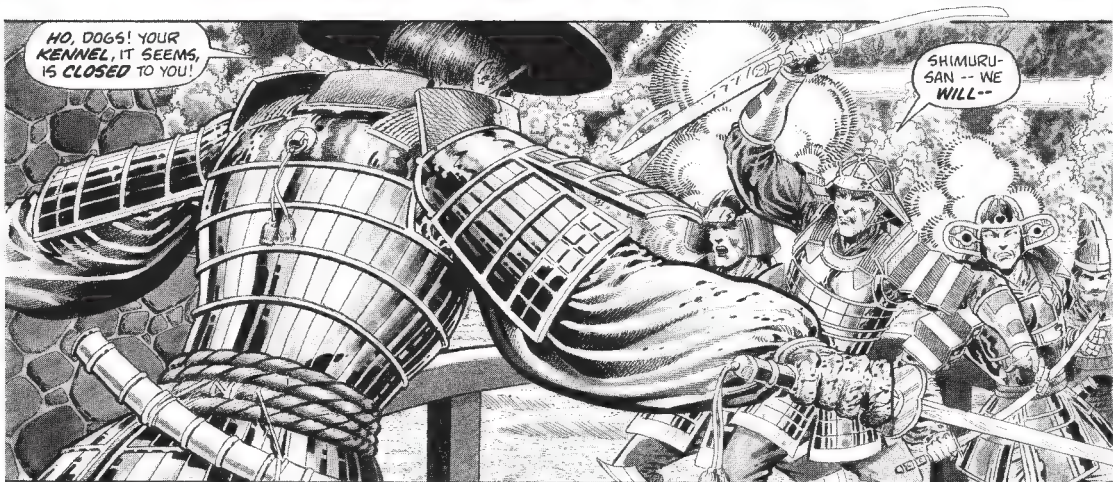
... YOSHIO IKURU,
MASTER OF HORSE
FALLS WITH IT!

BLOOD FLOWS
WITH WATER.



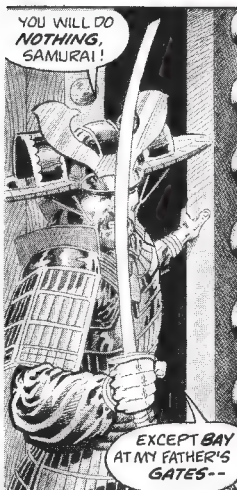
... WHAT HE WOULD WISH
HIS OWN SWORD TO
ACCOMPLISH.





HO, DOGS! YOUR KENNEL, IT SEEMS, IS CLOSED TO YOU!

SHIMURU-SAN -- WE WILL--



YOU WILL DO NOTHING, SAMURAI!

EXCEPT SAY AT MY FATHER'S GATES--



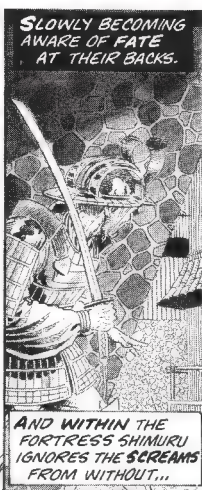
--SEEKING VAINLY FOR AN ENTRANCE--



--THAT IS HERE-- WITH DENIED YOU!

FOR A MOMENT THAT WHICH HAS HAPPENED IS TOO STUNNING FOR THE WARRIORS TO GRASP...

...AND THEN THE HOWL OF THE HOMELESS WELLS UP AS THEY CLAMOR AND POUND AT THE UNYIELDING GATE.



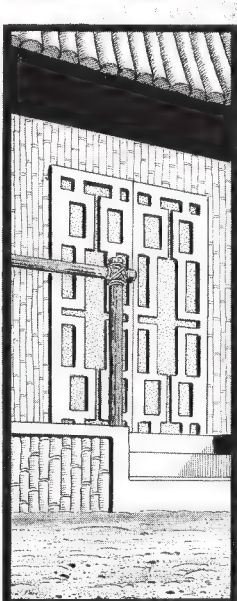
SLOWLY BECOMING AWARE OF FATE AT THEIR BACKS.

AND WITHIN THE FORTRESS SHIMURU IGNORES THE SCREAMS FROM WITHOUT...

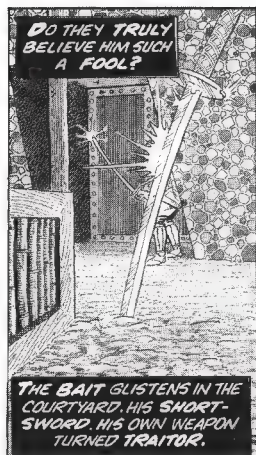


...TRUSTING IN HIS PACT WITH THE FATES TO REMOVE THE MENACE AT HIS BACK...

...AND SWEEPING THE SUN-STREAKED COURT CAREFULLY...

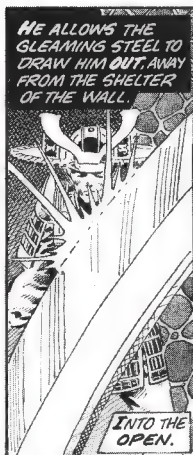


...HE SEARCHES FOR THE UNKNOWN MENACE BEFORE HIM!



DO THEY TRULY BELIEVE HIM SUCH A FOOL?

THE BAIT GLISTENS IN THE COURTYARD. HIS SHORT-SWORD. HIS OWN WEAPON TURNED TRAITOR.



HE ALLOWS THE GLEAMING STEEL TO DRAW HIM OUT AWAY FROM THE SHELTER OF THE WALL.

INTO THE OPEN.

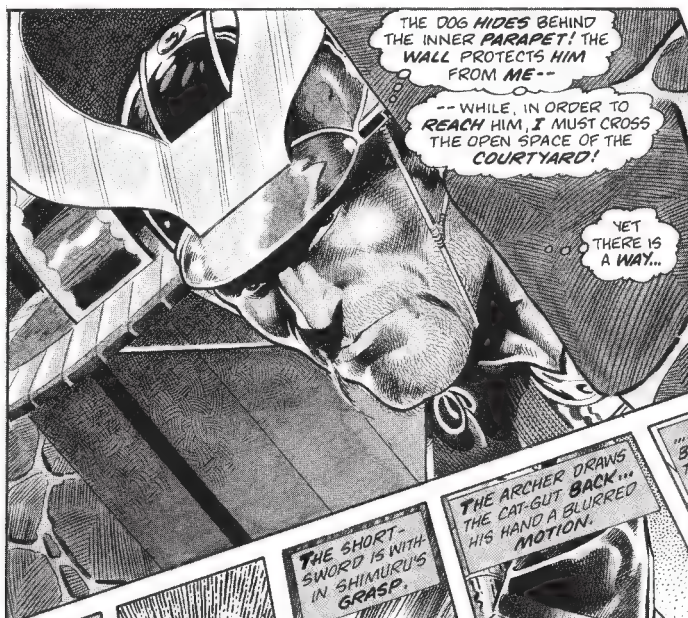


HEAT ACROSS HIS CHEEK.

THE ARROW SLICES AIR.



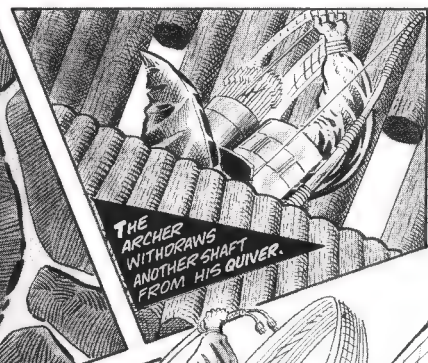
AND SHIMURU HAS LOCATED THE ARCHER.



THE DOG HIDES BEHIND THE INNER PARAPET! THE WALL PROTECTS HIM FROM ME--

--WHILE, IN ORDER TO REACH HIM, I MUST CROSS THE OPEN SPACE OF THE COURTYARD!

YET THERE IS A WAY...



THE ARCHER WITHDRAWS ANOTHER SHAF FROM HIS QUIVER.



...AND SHIMURU BENDS, RECOUPES THE SWORD. WHIRLS...



SHIMURU MOVES FROM THE SHADOW OF THE GATE.



WHAT--?

AND IS SEEN BY THE ARCHER AS THE WARRIOR NOTCHES HIS ARROW.



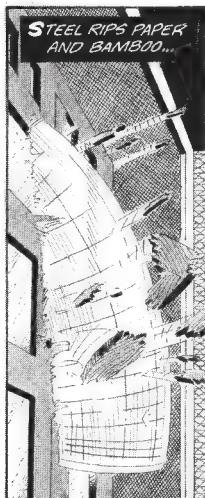
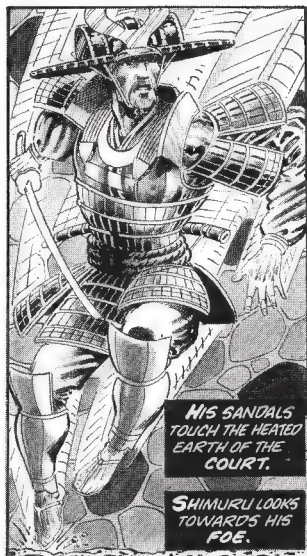
THE SHORT-SWORD IS WITHIN SHIMURU'S GRASP.

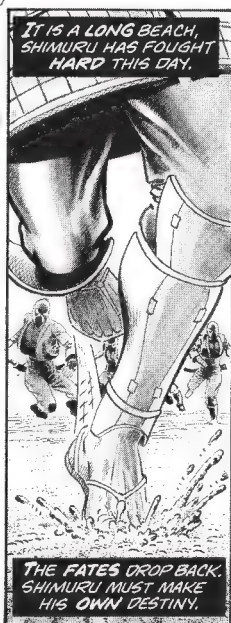
THE ARCHER DRAWS THE CAT-GUT BACK... THE HAND A BLURRED MOTION.

HIS BREATHING HARSH, RAPID...



...SLICES THE ARROW WITH HIS LONG-SWORD, HURLING THE SHORT-SWORD WITH HIS FREE HAND.







HE'S MAD, SHIMURU!

YOUR FATHER IS INSANE!



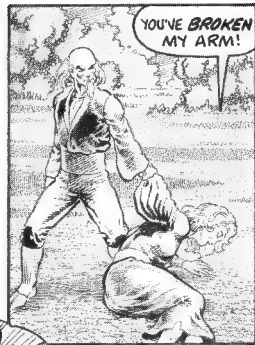
SILENCE, WOMAN!



THE ONLY SOUND YOU ARE PERMITTED IS SCREAMS!



OH LORD! MY ARM!

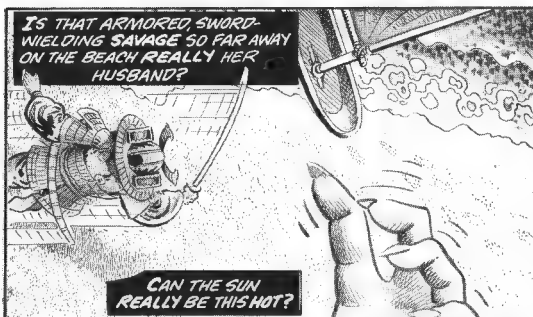


YOU'VE BROKEN MY ARM!



HER TEARS WASH THE LANDSCAPE OF THE BEACH PAINTED IN HER EYES.

WHAT IS THIS STRANGE LAND? WHY IS SHE HERE?



IS THAT ARMORED, SWORD-WIELDING SAVAGE SO FAR AWAY ON THE BEACH REALLY HER HUSBAND?

CAN THE SUN REALLY BE THIS HOT?



IS HER ARM REALLY BROKEN?

SHIMURU...?

SHE CALLS HER HUSBAND'S NAME...BUT PART OF HER ASKS IF ALL THIS ISN'T A DREAM, AND IF SHE ISN'T REALLY BACK AT HER FATHER'S MISSION...A PRETTY AND PROPER YOUNG LADY...



...INSTEAD OF STUCK IN SOME GOD-FORSAKEN NIGHTMARE!

I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU'VE HURT HER, OLD MAN!
I'LL KILL YOU, FATHER!!



IT MUST BE WRONG TO BE SO HAPPY, SHIMURU--

--TO BE SO MUCH IN LOVE!

YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME MUCH, ELENA--

--BUT FOREMOST IS THAT IT WOULD BE WRONG NOT TO BE SO HAPPY!



"BUT I'M NOT HAPPY
SHIMURU... LYING HERE NEXT
NEXT TO YOUR MAD FATHER!"



GAZE OUT
OVER THE WATERS,
WOMAN--

I... LOVE YOU,
SHIMURU,

ELENA...



MARRY
ME ELENA.



YES...

THE
SUN IS HOT,
BAKING THE SAND
AND SHIMURU IS
TIRED.



TOO TIRED TO RECOVER HIS BALANCE
WHEN HIS FOOT CATCHES ON A PIECE
OF HALF-BURIED DRIFTWOOD.



WHAT IS IT LIKE
WHERE YOU CAME
FROM, SHIMURU?

A
LANDSCAPE
OF SKY AND
SEA, MY LOVE.
PEACEFUL.



"I
WISH I
WERE HOME!"

ELENA!!



YOUR HAIR
IS THE COLOR OF
THIS FLOWER,
BELOVED!

I... I WISH I WERE HOME,
SHIMURU. SINGING HYMNS
WITH THE CHILDREN IN
MY FATHER'S
MISSION!!

YOUR EYES THE
COLOR OF THE SEA!

HE COMES,
THE ENGLISHWOMAN!

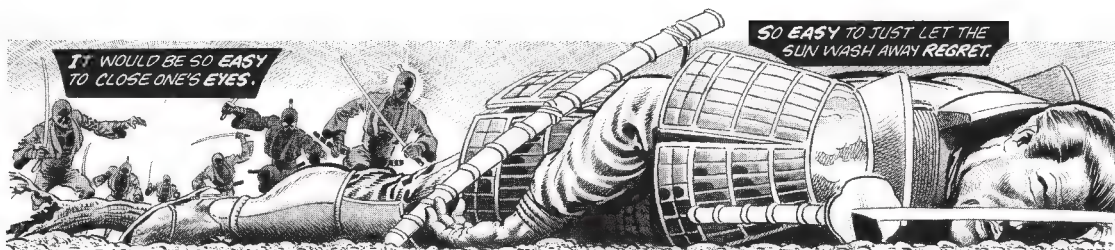
HE COMES
FOR YOU!



NO...
PLEASE!

WHY WON'T
YOU LEAVE ME
ALONE??

WHY??



IT WOULD BE SO EASY
TO CLOSE ONE'S EYES.

SO EASY TO JUST LET THE
SUN WASH AWAY REGRET.



SO
TIRED...

NO!

...AND SO EASY TO FORGET!



BUT FORGETTING
WOULD MEAN NEVER
AGAIN TO RECALL
NIGHTS BENEATH THE
LOTUS TREE.

NEVER AGAIN
TO TASTE OF
NEWER THINGS.



I WILL NOT
YIELD!

LIFT ME,
MY FATES

DRIVE
ME ON!



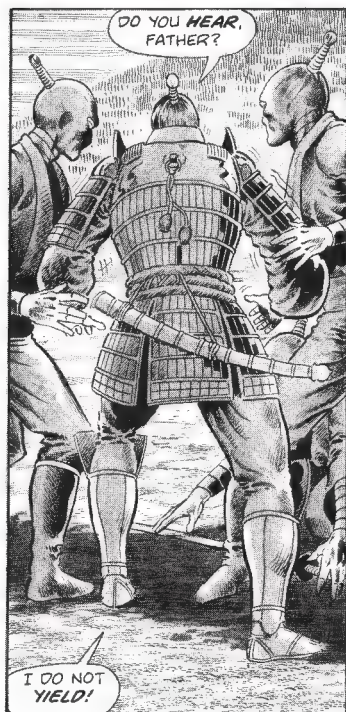
AND LIVING ONCE AGAIN ONLY
IN THE DRY PAST OF HIS
FATHER'S CUSTOMS... OF A
DEAD JAPAN. NEVER AGAIN
TO FEEL THE WARMTH OF LIFE...

... AND LIVING ONLY
FOR THE COLD CARESS
OF TRADITION.

SEND THE
WOMAN AWAY
MY SON!

SHE HAS
NO PLACE
HERE!

NO.



DO YOU HEAR,
FATHER?

I DO NOT
YIELD!



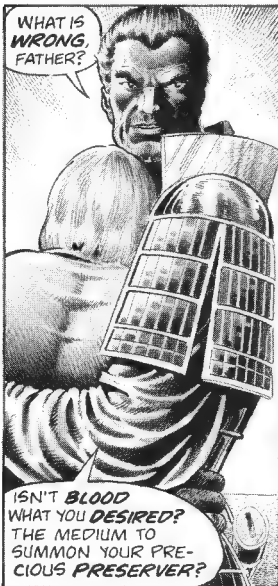
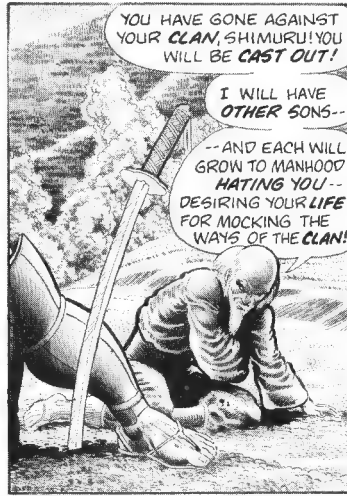
I COME
FOR YOU--
--FOR MY
WIFE!

AND IF IT IS
MY DESTINY--



--I WILL
HAVE HER

AND YOUR
LIFE AS
WELL!





BY THE SIXTEEN
HELLS OF FIRE AND
ICE!!

THE
PRESERVER
EXISTS!!

OH...MY
...GOD!

A TALE TO FRIGHTEN JAPANESE CHILDREN
SPEAKS OF THE DEMON-HEAD KAGU-HANA
THAT SITS AT THE RIGHT HAND OF ENMA-O,
THE LORD OF HELL.

THIS DEMON, WHOSE NAME MEANS "THE NOSE THAT
SMELLS", IS SO NAMED BECAUSE HE SMELLS OUT THE
VERY SMALLEST SIN... AND THEN LEADS THE SINNER
BEFORE A MIRROR WHEREIN ALL A MAN'S PAST
SINS MAY BE REFLECTED BEFORE HIS EYES.

THE MAN'S SINS ARE WEIGHED
AND SENTENCE PASSED...
DOOMING HIM TO ONE OR THE
OTHER LEVELS OF HELL...
FOREVER...



TAKE MY WIFE, SPIRIT!

...UNLESS ONE OF THE LIVING, PITYING THE MAN, WISHES TO INTERCEDE BETWEEN THE MAN AND HIS FATE!



MY SWORD!? NO... I USED IT AGAINST THE OLD MAN!

IT WILL NOT DO!

SHIMURU? WHAT ARE YOU...?



I MUST HAVE ANOTHER!



HE IS MY FATHER, ELENA-- DOOMED OUT OF IGNORANCE-- AND NOW HIS DOOM COMES TO CLAIM HIM!

BUT IF I AM TO HAVE NO FEAR OF MY FATHER'S TERRORS-- THEN IT IS MY FATE TO OVER-THROW THEM!

ELSE IN TIME-- THE NIGHTMARES WILL BECOME MINE, MY SONS!

I WILL NOT HAVE IT SO!

A PURER BLADE!

THE BLADE SPLITS THE AIR... SHRIEKING INTO THE DEMON'S EYE... INTO ITS BRAIN... THE SEAT OF ITS SPIRIT!

THE BLADES OF FATE FLY WITH SHIMURU'S OWN... SILENTLY HE HAS CHOSEN HIS DESTINY...

... AND FATE SUPPORTS HIM.



BUT TRADITION
MUST STILL BE
APPEASED. THE
OLD MUST GIVE
WAY TO THE NEW
FOR A BALANCE
TO BE RE-INSTATED.

THE DEMON YAWS
SKYWARD...A BEAST
OF SPUME AND
SPRAY...TSUNGAMI.
THE GREAT
CLEANSING WAVE...

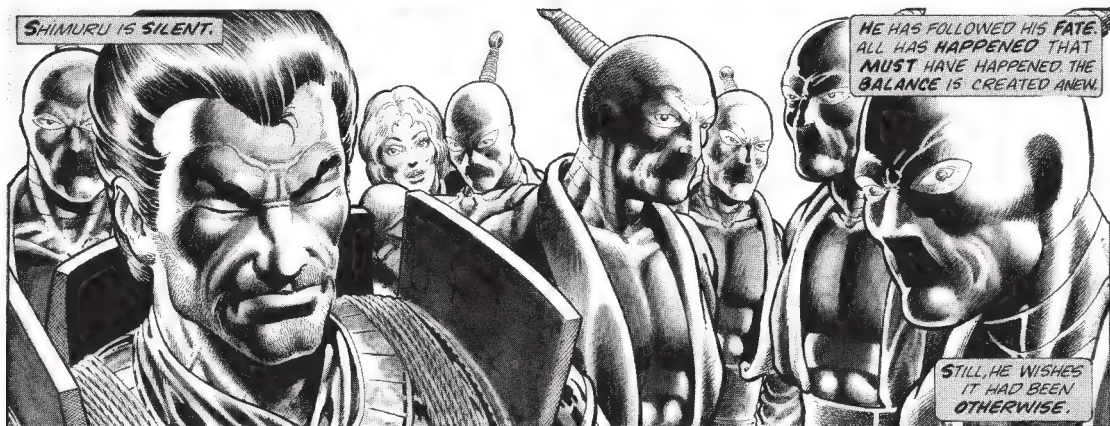


...SCENTING THE
BLOOD OF A
SINNER...



...AND FINDING
HIM IN
OPPOSITION
TO THE TAO...

...CLAIMING HIM AND
DELIVERING HIS SOUL
TO HELL!



SHIMURU IS SILENT.

HE HAS FOLLOWED HIS FATE.
ALL HAS HAPPENED THAT
MUST HAVE HAPPENED. THE
BALANCE IS CREATED ANEW.

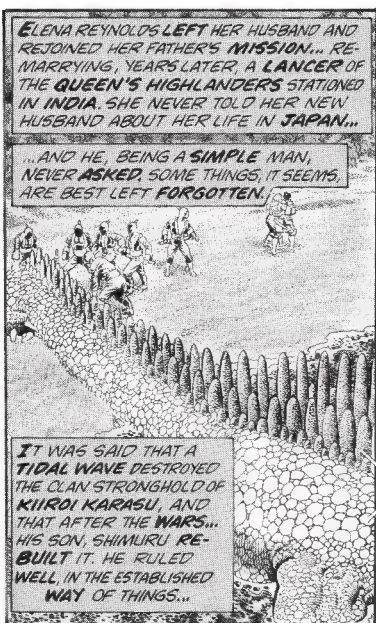
STILL, HE WISHES
IT HAD BEEN
OTHERWISE.



COME, MY LOVE.
WE MUST GO TO
THE WOMEN AND
SEE THAT YOUR
ARM IS TENDED
TO.

AND THEN...?
WHAT HAPPENS
THEN
SHIMURU?

THE ONIN WARS CONTINUED FOR
ANOTHER TWO YEARS... WITH
SHIMURU KURASU SERVING AS A
WAR LORD OF GREAT DISTINCTION.



ELENA REYNOLDS LEFT HER HUSBAND AND
REJOINED HER FATHER'S MISSION... RE-
MARRYING, YEARS LATER, A LANCER OF
THE QUEEN'S HIGHLANDERS STATIONED
IN INDIA. SHE NEVER TOLD HER NEW
HUSBAND ABOUT HER LIFE IN JAPAN...

...AND HE, BEING A SIMPLE MAN,
NEVER ASKED, SOME THINGS, IT SEEMS,
ARE BEST LEFT FORGOTTEN.

IT WAS SAID THAT A
TIDAL WAVE DESTROYED
THE CLAN STRONGHOLD OF
KIROI KARASU, AND
THAT AFTER THE WARS...
HIS SON, SHIMURU RE-
BUILT IT. HE RULED
WELL, IN THE ESTABLISHED
WAY OF THINGS...



...AND OFTEN SPOKE
WONDERINGLY OF
FATE.

FIGHTING ARTS REVIEW

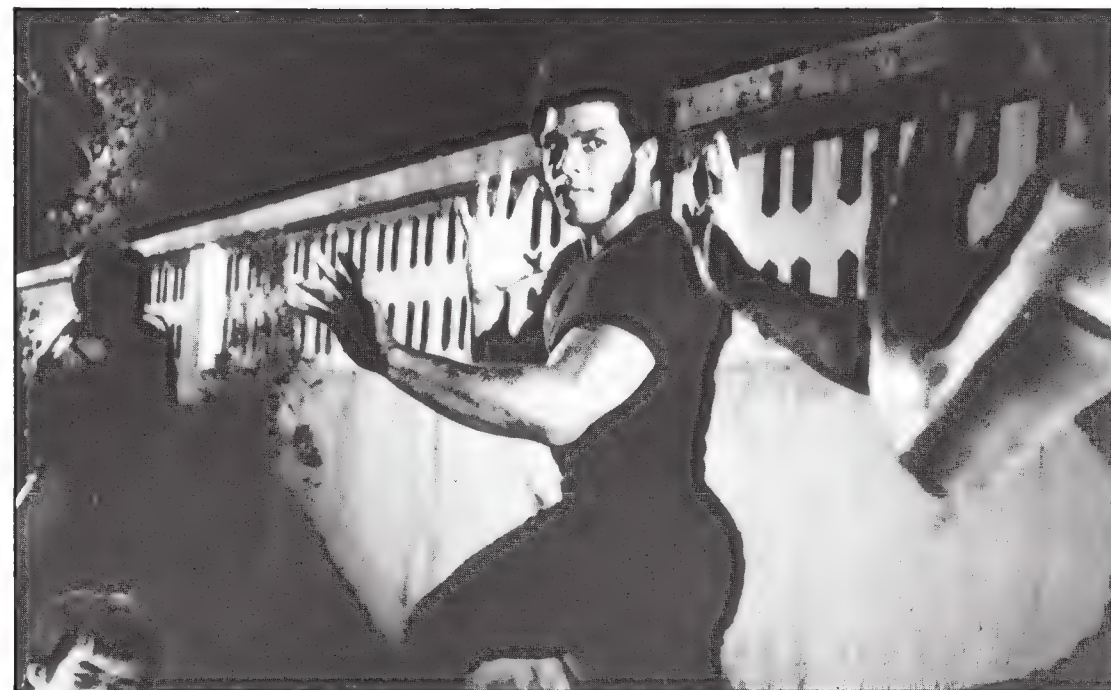
David Anthony Kraft

Contrary to my pronouncement last issue that movie producers had dropped use of the word "Dragon" from the titles of future (and, in at least one case, past) kung fu films, it appears that some of them are still hoping that once-magic keyword will conjure the mass public appeal of yore. In this instance, Limelite Productions has announced that former World Heavyweight Karate Champion *Joe Lewis* will star in four features for them, beginning with a martial arts movie titled . . . **EXIT THE DRAGONS**. Budgeted at \$500,000 the film starts shooting in California in late March, and is scheduled for release sometime during late summer. Script is by *Alfred Lewis Levitt*, and the director will be *Charles Norton*. This will be the motion picture debut for former-champion *Joe Lewis*, who will undoubtedly get plenty of opportunity to demonstrate his famous "flying sidekick."

Last month, based on angry let-

ters from concerned kung fu fans, I made special mention of the book **BRUCE LEE LIVES?** by way of a warning to the unwary. In the intervening time, I've had ample occasion to examine this rip-off, which is nothing more than another example of the well-known fact that in popular publishing, integrity pales beside the opportunity for making a fast buck.

Obviously, the project was planned from the very outset as a cynical and deliberate attempt to exploit the current widespread interest in the late Bruce Lee—though at least Dell can be exempted from blame for commissioning the thing, since it was first released in England last year by Star Books. Yet in an unscrupulous attempt to market the volume here, Dell has packaged it adroitly as an expose, when it's really no more than a potboiler. Cover blurbs proclaim, "Bruce Lee back in ac-



tion!" and promise that the book ". . . unmasks a truth that will stun your mind."

Both of these statements, of course, are outright lies.

In reality, **BRUCE LEE LIVES?** is a work of fiction which advances the usual spurious but sensational speculations on the ostensible cause of Lee's death, and tantalizingly drops references to him every 15 or 20 pages to spur flagging interest, eventually culminating with his implied participation in the plotline as a mystery character. For obvious legal reasons, the author is careful to make no claims anywhere that actually purport the unnamed figure to be Bruce Lee; he accomplishes the same objective indirectly via implication, solely as a sales gimmick to bolster an otherwise routine thriller.

I can't fault the execution as much as the concept, since the craftsmanship is competent, with a good smattering of seemingly authentic details about Hong Kong, and the tale has all the elements typical to the genre. An American reporter flies to Kowloon, is promptly shot at, tailed, embroiled in a love affair with a beautiful Chinese girl, and is ultimately involved in investigating

the underground drug trade. Sudden death is frequent. Author Max Caulfield invokes *deus ex machina* to rescue his protagonist in the end, as a small Oriental man intervenes . . . a man so adept at kung fu that his sudden whirlwind appearance is like ". . . the sight of Bruce Lee in action again." Of course, the man slips away before the reporter is able to confront him directly for confirmation of his bizarre theory.

How cosmically convenient!

Perhaps the most atrocious insult of all is the misleading introduction, a transparent attempt to legitimize the book and to persuade potential readers that it is more than mere poppycock. Along with the extravagant cover blurbs, it conveys a false yet blatant impression that will probably succeed in selling **BRUCE LEE LIVES?** despite the discerning attitude of an unfortunate audience already all too accustomed to being ripped off.

So beware of this book.

Also currently in release is yet another underhanded attempt at sheer exploitation, a good example of the kind of thing that's relentlessly reducing the numbers of kung fu enthusiasts willing to take a chance on a new martial arts movie. **GOODBYE, BRUCE LEE: HIS LAST GAME OF DEATH** is but another outstanding exercise in purposefully misleading advertising to promote an otherwise utterly worthless property. By using Bruce Lee's name as part of the title, the producers manage to imply his presence without ever actually promising it—and his name is the largest, most conspicuous item in the ads . . . aside from his actual *photograph*, of course.

The film itself is an incredible concept, being an attempt to "complete the film that Bruce Lee intended to start before his most unfortunate passing." Think about that for awhile. There's also a prologue featuring Kareem Abdul Jabbar, though if you're looking for the famed fight sequence filmed in Hong Kong between Lee and Jabbar, forget it.

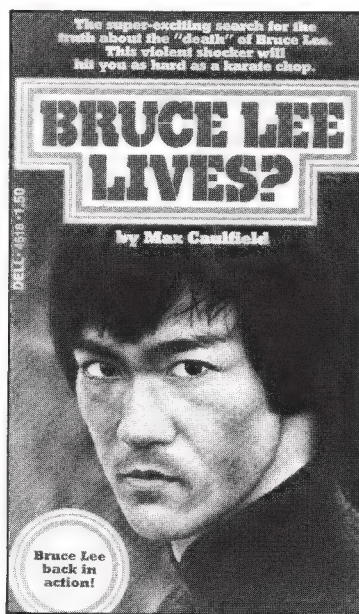
The main character in the story proper, played by *Lee Shaio Lung*, is known throughout the film ambiguously by the single name, Lee. He practices *jeet kune do*, of course, just in case there's the slightest doubt of identity still troubling a

vexed viewer. And he bears an uncanny resemblance to the real thing: Bruce Lee.

If you're planning to see this motion picture, do so for the story itself, and don't expect to see Bruce Lee back in action, or you'll certainly be disappointed. **GOOD BYE, BRUCE LEE**, indeed!

By the time this column sees print, **THE SUPER WEAPON** starring Ron van Clief and Charles Bonet should be in general release. Last issue, I had advance details; this month, some of the first photos from the film are printed right here, with thanks to Serafilm Karalexis, the producer.

Incidentally, Taylor/Laughlin are rereleasing **MASTER GUN-FIGHT-**



ER for Memorial Day, in an abridged and somewhat re-edited version, so if you haven't seen it before and it doesn't conform in certain ways to Dautless Don McGregor's lengthy review published here last issue, remember that he was writing about the *original* release. We will provide an update.

In the events arena, Fred Hamilton has scheduled an All-Dojo Karate Kung-Fu Championship (amateur) competition for Sunday, July 18th, at the fully air-conditioned Martin Luther King Jr. High School, 65th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. For further information, write: 68-72

East 131 Street; New York, NY 10037.

Feminist fighting arts flourish on a roughly monthly schedule in an as-yet-slim but outspoken newsletter edited and published by the ever-active Val Eads. Astute readers of our articles section will recognize her name from recent issues of **DEADLY HANDS** as a semi-regular contributor, and she also writes for other magazines in the martial arts field; thus when Joltin' John Warner proffered several issues of *Fighting Woman News* and asked me to review them for this column, I agreed with alacrity. If you're at all interested in news and viewpoints from the female perspective, relating to karate, judo, boxing, wrestling, tae kwon do, aikido and the martial arts media, this is the journal for you. The back cover of each issue features a calendar of upcoming events of interest to women in combative sports, and pending sufficient support, Val plans to expand the present format to more than double the pages. The address for further information is: 9 East 48th Street; New York, NY 10017. Good luck, Val!

Another publication of similar slant, offering more pages though published less frequently, is the bi-monthly magazine of women in the martial arts and self defense, *Black Belt Woman*. This is not so much a competitor to Val's newsletter as it is a complementary effort, and if you're going to support the movement, then I suggest you support both of these publications. Information is available from: 22 Ashcroft Road; Box 1; Medford, MA 02155.



NEW MEANINGS OF AGGRESSION:

Stirling Silliphant stands next to his certificate given to him by Bruce Lee for proficiency in Jeet Kune Do.



**an interview with
Stirling Silliphant**
by Jim Whitmore

In a shifting and uncertain world you have to know your boundaries, and those of the people around you. Survival means perception: seeing the flow of strength and will, of intent and capacity, and then taking this knowledge as a sail takes the wind, carrying you where you need to go.

This is the essence of the martial arts. Inner and outer conflict. Resolution.

It is also the essence of the dramatic arts. A new creative power resonates when the two can be dovetailed neatly, and Hollywood screenwriter Stirling Silliphant is a living example. He is quietly intense, outwardly confident, and a stringer of sentences like nobody else around. You could tape his words and transcribe them, without editing, and then marvel at the deliberate quality of their arrangement.

JW 135

You may or may not have heard of him, but the odds are that you have either heard of, or seen, his work. His movie credits include *IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT*, *THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE*, *THE TOWERING INFERNO*, and many others; he created, for TV, two series that still have a devoted cult following, "Route 66" and "The Naked City;" he is the man who put Bruce Lee into "Longstreet," and the most accomplished of that departed great's caucasian students.

He is a voice with much to say, and so, this interview.

Our meeting was held in his office on the Warner Brothers lot. It is a large and quietly decorated room, with hanging plants and numerous pictures of ships and his young Vietnamese wife, Tiana, an actress.

Dominating the room from behind the desk is a simple board showing the progress of ten movie projects. Looking around, absorbing it, picking up the small details (Silliphant has that almost-ultimate symbol of corporate success, his own washroom...), my mind automatically ran over the bones of the studio PR sheet.

"Academy Award winning Stirling Silliphant is a native mid-westerner," it begins, outlining his career and utterly missing the man.

All right, here are the bones, which will be made flesh in the interview proper. He is a native midwesterner, born in Detroit but raised in Glendale and Los Angeles. He graduated from the University of Southern California *magna cum*

laude and took his first post-college job at Walt Disney Studios, moving up the ladder until he found himself head of publicity at the New York offices of 20th Century Fox. He did his first film after World War II, a property called *THE JOE LOUIS STORY*, serving as its producer. Shortly after that he quit the workaday world and moved to Cuba, where he wrote *MARACAIBO*, his first novel, which subsequently sold to Paramount and dragged him from the Caribbean to Hollywood. TV and movie credits begin to amass, as well as writing awards, and at the same time he maintained his interests in scuba diving, sailing, oriental philosophies, and fencing. In the sixties he began his association with Bruce Lee, a friendship which was to



"I have to say that the three years I spent with him (Bruce Lee) were the most exciting years of my life in every sense. I discovered that I needed a guru. I had never been able to respect anyone before in my whole life. Never. On no level at all."

change his life and his craft. He still studies karate. He is one of the highest paid, if not the highest paid writer in the business.

His studio bio concludes with "Mr. Silliphant is married to an actress, Tiana, who was born in Saigon and who makes her screen debut in *THE KILLER ELITE*." But this does not do the woman justice, and as Silliphant himself makes clear, no discussion of his recent life would be complete without her.

She is young (22) and quite striking, in both senses of the word—she holds a brown belt in shodokan karate. Raised in Washington D.C., she spent much of her childhood acting out her own movie scenarios in front of mirrors. This led, naturally enough, to a decision to make her career in film. She came west in 1973, intent on selling her novels and starting in them. But things were tight in Hollywood, and since she had made a pact with Bruce Lee that she'd take no parts demanding to criminal, the break was a while coming.

It appears to finally be here. By the time you read this her first starring role, opposite James Caan, will be in general release. And she has organized her own company, An Lac Productions (Vietnamese for "Happy, peaceful"), to develop films dealing with strong themes and positive parts for women; a two-hour CBS special is under way.

There, you have the skeleton outlines of two people carrying creative forms forward, in the martial arts and otherwise. Never far, it's all pertinent.

And now, without further ado...

II: INTERVIEW

DEADLY HANDS: For the purpose of getting a grip on what you are going to be talking about, how about giving us a recapitulation of your early training—in other words, what made Stirling Silliphant?

SILLIPHANT: You don't mean training in the martial arts?

DEADLY HANDS: Early training and background in everything.

SILLIPHANT: That's a hell of an order, I'll try to abridge it. My first conscious memory is that of wanting to write. I was fascinated by words



STIRLING SILLIPHANT

and caught up in their spell. As a matter of fact, one of the problems I had to overcome as a screenwriter was that love of language, which gets in your way when you are writing films. Filmmaking is completely different from writing books, novels, plays, even television. Each of these because that kind of nonreality is quite stimulating to the imagination. When you contrast that learning with the reality you learn in daily life you create, I think, sparks. Also, I was an only child (even though I had a brother) in the sense that I was raised strictly with adults, with my mother and father as they traveled; my father was a salesman. I never stayed anywhere more than two nights until I was seven years of age. This embedded in me, I suppose, grooved into that track between one and seven that is so important, a whole transient attitude about life which I really understand and follow.

It applies to relationships. It applies to my intrinsic boredom being anywhere too long. I require a great amount of change in people and background. Now, I don't leave people... but I keep adding them, and the people I add I hold onto for my life, but it keeps piling up. I do not allow relationships to impose themselves on me when it comes to time. If anything, I think I am the world's most selfish person when it comes to time, because time is really existence. It is all we have. And when you abuse it or let other people use it you are, in effect, being raped. This is the strongest opposition that I have to rape. That is, to the imposition of other people's egos upon my own. It's the one area in which I am very emotional. I get almost paranoiac about people pressing at me, taking me, wanting pieces of me. So I just absorb myself. Cop out. Split. I'm gone.

DEADLY HANDS: Hearing that, and knowing how busy you are even this afternoon, I have to thank you again for letting me take away a couple of pieces of you.

SILLIPHANT: Oh, that's a pleasure. Don't worry about it; this is not to say that I duck transactions. I welcome them. But they are, like this interview, very transient. They are not really meaningful except in an addictive sense, piling on until there is one more layer, like a pearl being formed. It's a basic attitude of my life, which is why I mention it. What it has done is compel me to look for different locations, different people, different experiences, which are then input to writing. I guess, summarizing, that what I'm saying is I am not the kind of Hollywood writer who sits within the established boundaries of the city and does his number. They don't care where you are, the studio brass, that is, as long as you are here when they need you, and as long as you deliver your material on time. They don't care where you write it, so you are stupid to sit here and write it. If you are doing a story about some place, why not go there? It seems very simple, but so many writers stay here, afraid they're going to miss the daily *VARIETY*, or the latest announcement, or some damned thing or another. So I travel a lot. I think that is based on those first seven years of experience. It didn't come to me by selection but by natural input. Anyway, I grew up and went to college, wanting to write, so I wrote poetry and majored in English. I graduated in 1938 from the University of Southern California—I was just nineteen or twenty at the time—and it was very difficult to find work. But I got a job at Walt Disney Studios as a messenger, pushing mailboxes around. I learned, really, in the next three years, how to make film—frame by frame, the way animation works. To this day, when I write, I can almost tell to the frame how long a scene plays. If, in other words, a scene is 232 feet and six frames I know just how long to play it, because I see it in those terms.

DEADLY HANDS: So there you were, pushing mailboxes and delivering coffee—and not writing. How did that go?

SILLIPHANT: Yeah, exactly. I did that, believe it or not, for fourteen years. I was Publicity Director at 20th Century Fox in New York, head of a department of ninety people, had three secretaries of my own, worked fourteen hours a day, oversaw our nine million dollar advertising budget. I was in the Selling Film business.

DEADLY HANDS: The demands of backwork can often sharpen your talent into skill. Did you gain anything from this job? Did you throw out some of the deadwood?

SILLIPHANT: That is exactly what happened during that period. I kept trying to write fiction and I couldn't. Finally, when I got into my mid-thirties, I thought "Okay, you are just about ready." I had begun to feel more refined. I'd begun to shed a lot of stuff. So I quit my work at Fox, with no prospects. If remember that first Friday when they didn't come with a paycheck—I was really terrified! From that point on I never worked for anyone but myself. I had saved money, not a lot, maybe six or

DEADLY HANDS: So there you were, pushing mailboxes and delivering coffee—and not writing. How did that go?

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learning that it really didn't bother me at the time. I always knew that the writing was down there somewhere, for when I was ready. The trouble for me with writing in those days (I kept trying and it kept flopping) was, again, that I had this involvement with words. This misadventure. I was overeducated, overtrained, overworked. I had too much equipment. It's almost as though you were to go into mortal combat with all kinds of weapons, swords and daggers and arrows and such, and then never really concentrated. Bruce taught me: a man who is good without a knife is better than a man with a knife. Because the guy with the knife is focused on the one weapon. He's not using both legs and his other arm, and his head—he is just using a thriving thing. I had all these literary weapons and I didn't know how to fight. So I kept feeling that I wasn't ready, and did other things. I went into publicity, which was a kind of bastardized writing, a communication form, even though it was very prejudicial. It was a self-serving thing. You did it for a product you might not believe in.

DEADLY HANDS: Backwork?

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seven thousand dollars, and I moved to Cuba.

DEADLY HAND: Cuba? Why Cuba?

SILLIPHANT: I loved Cuba. I still love Cuba. I think it is a fantastic country, with a very interesting people. So I moved there and lived on the beach for seven months, because I love the water. While there I wrote a book and a screenplay and sold both. That brought me to Hollywood; I've been here ever since, something over twenty years. And outside of the two strikes of the Writers Guild against the Producers Association, I have never been out of work. One assignment has always followed another.

DEADLY HANDS: The entertainment field is rather chaotic, which makes that record awfully impressive.

SILLIPHANT: I would say that in all the writers in the world of film, I'm among the top ten in terms of earnings. But that is from three, occasional hard work. It doesn't reflect one sudden brilliant sale for a million, but a lot of piecework. Of learning my craft.

DEADLY HANDS: Precisely how many movie and television screenplays have you written?

SILLIPHANT: Television I've lost track of, so let's just take film. I happen to know that number because Warner Brothers is going to give me some kind of party next spring when I start *SALEM'S LOT*. I have written 43 films, of which 28 have been produced. The balance fell by the wayside, either they were not produced or they failed or we lost options. This happens to many young writers in Hollywood; they will write five or six things, maybe their best work, and none get made. This is why you find absences in peoples' credits. In 1959 you'll see a script, and then not until 1962 is there another, and then maybe it jumps to 1965 and there were two. You say to yourself: what was this guy doing in between? Well, he was writing, but they just didn't get made. The studio goes out of business, you bet on the wrong production manager, you just haven't liked a subject...there are all kinds of reasons. But in my case



out of every three films I have written, two have gotten made. That's a pretty good track record. As for television, getting back in that, at a guess I'd say I've probably written about nine TV movies and well over three hundred half hour and hour dramatic shows. On "Route 66," for instance, I did 72 original one hour shows. On "Naked City," the first year, I wrote 37 out of 39 of the scripts.

DEADLY HANDS: These two you mention are shows you not only wrote for, but created—is that right?

SILLIPHANT: Co-created. I had a partner, Herbert B. Leonard, on both shows. It was for "Route 66" that my favorite work, out of all I've written, was done. It's where I think I really learned to write, because we were under tremendous pressure and yet we also had total creative control. The network had absolutely nothing to say about the scripts. We had nobody to report to except ourselves. We had a very good budget. We were traveling all over the United States, so that I was, in effect, doing what *ROLLING STONE* magazine is doing today, reporter/dramatic journalism. The show was much ahead of its time, in that it was

not a life-or-death situation. The two guys in "Route 66" had no "franchise," a word they use in television these days. They weren't cops; cops have a franchise to bust you. They weren't attorneys, who have a franchise to defend you; they had no reason for existence. They were just two guys. It was so advanced for its time that when CBS bought it they said they didn't know if they could find any sponsors. "No sponsor wants a couple of guys to represent their product." Well, they were quite wrong. Chevrolet and Marlborough cigarettes kept on the show for four years, even though it was never a hit show. It was never a flop, either. It was always right around the 25th or 26th show in the ratings. But we dominated our time slot, which was Friday in busy TV night and that kept us on the air.

DEADLY HANDS: Why was your best work done then? What was it about the format, or yourself?

SILLIPHANT: In that show—in traveling around the country and meeting people and seeing and getting close to the feeling of it then—I learned how to write a one hour television show. Later on this came as a great help in making the adjustment to features. The biggest adjustment involved is that in television you're always got the commercial to save you. If you're stuck you can always do the dam-dam-theory and go over to Colgate-Palmolive for a minute and when you come back it is two days later and the problem was solved off-screen. The guy says "well, I've glad that's over" and goes on to the next scene. But you can't do that in film. In film, man, they come in there and remember every shot. If, for example, you want to show a character who is a little hang up, you're going to give him a certain style of talking. But let him repeat himself, even thirty minutes later, and the audience will pick up on it. That's how clever the audiences are today. You can't cheat.

DEADLY HANDS: Equally, a visual repetition will arouse them. The usage of one set decorated up to be another, that sort of thing.

SILLIPHANT: The audience hates that. And if it is really offensive, right in the middle of the picture

you'll hear guys make some crack that will break up the whole theatre. There goes the film. Boom. Anyway, the pressures of the one—TV—prepared me for the other—film. That is, for the challenge of it, because they are really totally different fields. And that, in an oblique way, answers your first question. How I got here, how I started writing.

DEADLY HANDS: Did you ever have any suspicion that you might end up in this lofty position?

SILLIPHANT: It's like the old thing about eating an elephant: It is impossible to eat an elephant unless you eat him a piece at a time. I am a survivor. I enjoy distance, and I am happiest when I am writing. I think the only true joy I know is either being at sea in a boat of my own, with me at the helm, or writing. Those are the basic things. There are other, lesser joys but those two are the things where I freak out. The part of writing that is most difficult is the conceptualization period where you are trying to get together what you are going to write. Once you think you've got it—that whole delicious moment of putting it all down—I find very ecstatic. Most writers say that they hate writing, that it is lonely and exhausting, but I have never found it so. It's painful to the beginning, when you are wading out and rejecting things in order to reach your point of view; that is rough. That is not fun. It's when you are muddy and not attentive to the people around you, when you neglect your wife and everybody else. But once the writing starts it is great. And once you have finished it—God, it's a trip! The most beautiful moment of your life.

DEADLY HANDS: Now we are going to shift focus. In several articles on you it has been noted that you are interested in oriental philosophies and have been since your graduate days. Is this true?

SILLIPHANT: It is very true. I find the oriental person's history and philosophy make up the most realistic of all styles of life I have found on the earth. It is very harsh and self-sacrificing, and in a sense very traditional, particularly as practiced by the Japanese up until the end of World War II. I suppose that makes me a traditionalist, and

part of me is, although part of me is very anti-tradition. I like the oriental's fatalistic point of view. I like their ability to dedicate themselves to something, like a martial art. This is why some of the finest karate people in the world are Japanese.

DEADLY HANDS: That word, "fatalistic"—that is one heavily charged word. What do you mean by it?

SILLIPHANT: Their understanding of life and death. The somnolent code. The preparation for the ultimate moment, realizing that we are all on borrowed time and it is downhill from the moment you are born, in terms of survival. You have to understand: the Japanese don't accept death happily. Nobody wants to die. But they do accept it as a way of living, and I think that what has happened in a lot of western culture is that we have so dramatized the importance of the individual soul that we have made life seem far more precious than it really is. I simply find the oriental version more realistic. I think that's the bottom line on all this. I find it an easier attitude to believe in than most of the stuff I was taught as a kid, either in western religion or western philosophy.

DEADLY HANDS: So what was it that finally brought you into the martial arts? If you had been interested from a distance all this time?

SILLIPHANT: I suppose it was meeting Bruce Lee. I had heard about the man from some friends, and I was interested in improving my physicality. I felt that I had contrived to develop my mental and emotional attitude but I had really lapsed up when it came to my body. I had just neglected it. And that was stupid; what if everything came together, and then my kidney went out? Or the heart stopped? I mean Christ, I'd be shafted. I realized I had to give some attention to the framework of the stuff. At the same time I felt it was imperative to do more than jing, and that stuff, and I realized that I was incapable of fighting. If somebody had come up to me and pushed I'd say "Forgive me, sir." I had absolutely no way of defending myself. Now, back in



college I had been involved in fencing and I had been very good at it. At USC we held the west coast championships the three years I was on the team.

DEADLY HANDS: So you were conversant with the feeling of combat.

SILLIPHANT: Yeah, but I was hung up on swords, and things. I was very good with guns and weaponry. But it didn't seem personal enough. I'd loved boxing in school, but now I was concerned with PLAIN OLD STREET FIGHTING. When some guy comes up and tries to maim and you, for real, you can't say "Hey, fella, let's go into the ring and put on some gloves." You can't do it by the Queensbury rules. My goal was to rough myself up a little bit and make my body tougher. That led me to Bruce. He said, when we first met, that I was much too old and he didn't take old cats. I was 48 then. Then he began to test me, doing some kicks and things, and he got very pleased. He even went on to become quite proud of me. As a matter of fact, I am willing to make the statement that of all the caucasians he taught, I'm the only person that he gave his second degree to.

You see, he didn't have belts. Bruce was very anti-karate. He was very anti-any discipline or school. He believed they were all full of s---, that an individual had to develop a sense of control of his own, derived from any source. So he wasn't against any system specifically, just against their claiming that any system was the one.

DEADLY HANDS: The stories are legion, of the flock he got and the flock he gave.

SILLIPHANT: Yes. He had to flatten a lot of people. The early story of what Bruce did when he got to the United States, forgetting what he'd already done in Hong Kong—how he came down through Seattle and San Francisco, really crippling some people who were supposed to be very tough guys. There was only one way that Bruce knew to prove his point, and that was to go in and fight. Eventually he rose above the need to, and nobody challenged him after that. I have to say that the three years I spent studying with him were the most exciting years of my life in every sense. I discovered that I needed a guru. I had never been able to respect anyone before in my whole life. Never. On no level at all.

DEADLY HANDS: *When And I thought your use of "Jeweltine" was funny.*

SILLIPHANT: By "respect" I mean "personal awe." Looking at someone and saying "God, that is somebody!" I always kept seeing the failure, the inability, the lack of talent, the copout, the reason why... I had never, before Bruce, seen pure talent. It was so fantastic that I just wanted to get on my knees and say "OKAY, that I believe in." I still say that with the exception of a few novelists and maybe three or four directors, I have that feeling to this minute.

The problem is we are surrounded by idiots, and since I was a kid I kept seeing people that way. Bruce was the first non-idiot I had met. I said to myself, this is a guy that, no matter how hard you work, you can never better. Or even equal. There is no way you can learn to do perhaps on your right little finger, or stand here and then kick a ceiling twelve feet high, or move as fast as this man. This man was a tiger, a jaguar, a perfectly formed man. He wasn't always that way; he taught himself it. He had the natural instincts and the speed but he was a highly disciplined man who literally worked six or eight hours a day, like a ballet dancer, to perfect his technique. I admired and respected that.

Now when Bruce was teaching me there was nothing I couldn't do, no challenge I couldn't accept physically. But the minute he left and went to Hong Kong I realized that all my so-called martial arts skills were empty. They only worked as long as I had Bruce. That is how dependent I became on the guru. That really worried me. I felt that maybe I had not really learned anything at all. I therefore started all over again with a totally different kind of schooling in the martial arts, one of the most classical styles, Shotokan karate. I find that many of the timing things and kicks Bruce had taught me were not accepted in that discipline, as he had said. So what I did was drop everything that Bruce taught me, learn Shotokan, and then in my own time try to put them together my own way. Bruce became very angry with me when he heard that I had been studying Shotokan. As a matter of fact, we were just in the process of patching up that disagreement—he felt I had let him down—when he died. It's always been a source of

great regret to me that I was never able to explain my reason for going to another style. I feel this way: any martial art (and this is a simplification of what is a very obvious thing) is only as good as the practitioner. In each of the various disciplines you will have someone who is really fantastic, and then you'll have a bunch of pretty good cats, and then you'll have some mediocre people and some bums. It's true of anything. Bruce... Handed me to that. All I could think of were his techniques. For Bruce they were magnificent, but if you weren't Bruce... no one, for instance, could out-time someone the way Bruce could. If I used it I'd end up getting kicked in the teeth. If he did it, his kick would intercept the other kicker. As a matter of fact, that's what Jeet Kune Do meant, the Way of the Intercepting Fist. Bruce taught that the best defense was an attack, which is exactly what you aren't taught in any other of the martial arts. You block, and then counterattack, you don't counter-attack as you block. A good American boxer will, and this is where Bruce got the idea. He was a big fan of Muhammad Ali. And he really believed that the best defense was an attack. For this reason we spent weeks, literally, ducking and weaving and not blocking at all. But always moving in, relentlessly. This is part of the whole "sticky hand" technique. Always you are moving in to the opponent's face and eyes.

DEADLY HANDS: *Did you find your creative life different during the excitement of those days?*

SILLIPHANT: Everything was different. Those three years were, in every sense, the high point of my life. The only time I think I was as happy and functioning as well was during the four years of "Route 66"—so those four years, the three years with Bruce, and I must say now the last year and a half of my life. These have been the best parts.

DEADLY HANDS: *What changed in the last eighteen months?*

SILLIPHANT: Well, actually, my marriage. I married an Asian girl, Tiana, and it is the first relationship I've ever had with anyone, aside from Bruce, that is truly a real relationship. I really think that that's

the name of the game for me. You take all those years of travel, all those years of refining my writing style, all the years of learning every kind of input I could; all the years of thinking the world was full of idiots—and then first finding Bruce and then my wife, both of whom are Asian—it's a completion of the circle for me. It reflects in my work. Obviously when I am not troubled, and all together, I'm able to work better.

DEADLY HANDS: *How did you meet?*

SILLIPHANT: We met in Washington DC in a dojo owned by Joon



Rhee. Joon was having a karate competition that Bruce was one of the judges of. I was in Washington with him, and he introduced me to Joon and Tiana, who was the karate "Queen" of that particular tournament. She had just been studying a little bit, then, though she has her brown belt in Shotokan now. She is really very good, although she's not very aggressive about it. That's the problem. I've been trying to get her to study some streetfighting techniques, but we just haven't found the time yet.

DEADLY HANDS: *More people*

include in their definitions of "Aggressive" a capacity for anger, for rage. What do you mean by it?

SILLIPHANT: By aggressive I mean capable of attack, as opposed to counterattack. This is one of the troubles I had to get over in fencing: I always scored most of my points on counterattack. The other guy would attack, I would parry, counterattack, and make my touch. My coach was great, an Olympic fencer from Belgium, and he used to say "If your attack were as good as your counter-attack you would be an Olympic fencer yourself." But because I lacked aggressiveness, and because

their ego on post. At the same time, of course, don't impose your ego on others, just have your ego. Period. Bruce used to have me keep my eyes closed while he, with his shoes off, moved either towards me or to the side, and I would have to sense where he was moving, trying to attach myself to his movements. It was essential to manipulate that gap of space between us. The whole secret of attack/counterattack is to be neither too far nor too close... in the end, what I mean by aggressiveness is the ability to project your ego against another person. In whatever form you do it, whether it is a physical or mental or business

Lee/Silliphant: MAGIC FLUTE project, whatever happened to that?

SILLIPHANT: Nothing, ever, cause of it, unfortunately, and it is just its time now. Jimmy Coburn and Bruce and I wanted to do the definitive martial arts film, which has yet to be done.

DEADLY HANDS: *What was your general idea for the movie?*

SILLIPHANT: We wanted to show a simple story. It was just a man's journey from point A to point Z, in the course of which he would find his central being and he would learn, from various martial arts techniques that were directed against him, what his own style was—no style. We had all manner of martial arts arrays against him, all based on classical kung fu and karate disciplines. We also had some Burmese stuff in there, and Filipino and Malaysian techniques. We worked on it for about a year, but it was a very metaphysical film in most respects and producers weren't even just leery, they wouldn't go near it at all. The closest we got was here at Warner Brothers, curiously. It sounds kind of strange to say it, but of all the studios in this town, Warner Brothers is to me the most spiritual place. They've got two or three really good people upstairs. Anyway, they saw the possibilities and only put one prohibition on it, which is that it be filmed in India. Coburn and myself had been in India, myself four or five times, and I kept saying it wouldn't work. (The only reason they wanted to do it there was because they had some black rapers, and said that if we could use that money we could do the film.) Bruce was desperate at the time and he wanted to make it under any circumstances. Coburn and I kept telling him "India is a mad up place, man, just full of heavy things, and you can't find them the physical settings we need in the film." Such as a certain area in Turkey that was black. Or the misty look of northern Japan. And we needed rice fields that were very green, which you only find in Sri Lanka. NONE of it was in India. And all that stuff about "well, if you shoot this angle, and keep these million people out, it will work"... we couldn't find a sand dune! We'd go way out in the god-damned desert, close to Pakistan,

Italy—which I never had, that I am aware of—I was never able to figure "I'm going to get that guy. I am going to launch the next attack." I would be analyzing him and he'd make his move and my reflexes would take over. Bruce, then, taught me not to block and hit but to hit. It was the first time I'd been able to appreciate the enjoyment, the joy, of just will of an attack. Of taking a pure movement and directing your ego against the other person. Always before I was the recipient of the other ego, Bruce used to say to me, and it is what I say about the invasion of time: don't let other people impose

transaction. If you simply on and receive that is one thing, but if you can manipulate it always provided that the manipulation is essentially moral it is far more interesting. Tiana lacks—like most women do who have never trained in punching, kicking, biting and gouging—the ability to project an attack. If you let a heavy cat get close to you you're in serious trouble if you are a woman, you know?

DEADLY HANDS: *For a while it was you writing as "speaker" to Bruce, wasn't it, when you brought your film knowledge to the Coburns?*

trying to prove this to Bruce. By three o'clock in the afternoon there were bus tracks over the dunes and hundreds of people had passed. India is just packed and it's too much. So we came back and said no, and Bruce was heartbroken, and we never got to make it. At that point I put Bruce in "Lungstreet" and he got a tremendous response, lots of fan mail, some offers, but he decided to go back to Hong Kong and his whole thing started. By that point it was too late, we had missed it. Because he never really came back.

DEADLY HANDS: What about the report, before his death, that it had been picked up by another producer?

SILLIPHANT: Yes, but the way it was budgeted it got very expensive, something like 2½ million dollars. It was just too much for that property, which we were willing to do for short money and love. But we could never get anybody to give us the short money, and now it is too late. There have been too many kung fu films. The trade papers call them "chop suey." It's no good, man.

DEADLY HANDS: And no one has done them right.

SILLIPHANT: Name of them are. Name of them.

DEADLY HANDS: Do you have any hope for such a film?

SILLIPHANT: Sooner or later, yes, someone will get one made. I would like it to be me. I'm not giving up on it.

DEADLY HANDS: Your current professional position is a remarkably good one, writing and producing. And you've just signed a contract with Warners which is one of the most lucrative of all time, correct?

SILLIPHANT: Yes, I have a three picture deal with them which I am now involved in. Unfortunately, none of them involves martial arts.

DEADLY HANDS: What are they? (We glance at the board behind his desk, and its list of films. He takes them from left to right.)

SILLIPHANT: The first one is a Cine Cienwood picture, DIRTY



HARRY #1: I'm only writing that one. The second is SALEM'S LOT, based on a book by Stephen King, which I am writing and producing, and the third has not been selected yet. It's open. Knowing the studio and knowing the kind of thing they want me to do, I know that if I walk in with some mystical thing it isn't going to go. For instance, one of my favorite books, and one I would love to turn into film, is ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE. As a matter of fact the man who has the rights to that as producer, Bob Sherman, is a friend of mine and we are hoping to do it together. But I know that Warner Brothers doesn't want to do it. For myself, I think it's a great book, and that its author Robert Mrazek is one of the finest writers in the world.

DEADLY HANDS: Moving on across the wall list.

SILLIPHANT: Right. Well, DIRTY HARRY #3 I've discussed. DIRTY HARRY #4, right below it, is an original I thought of while doing DIRTY HARRY #3. But I'm not going to do it, necessarily, as a story about Dirty Harry—I'll write it as a

"This man was a hipster, a jester, a perfectly formed man. He wasn't always that way; he taught himself it. He had the natural instincts and the good but he was a highly disciplined man who basically worked six or eight hours a day, like a ballet dancer, to perfect his technique."

police story, straight. HERO'S JOURNEY is a film I'm doing at Columbia. I've written a screenplay, and am supposed to executive produce it if it goes. I won't know for a time.

DEADLY HANDS: That's science fiction, isn't it? Right, based on the novel by Sterling Lerner. How did you get involved in such a different project?

SILLIPHANT: It was a book brought in by a producer, Henry Gil, to Columbia. I had an existing deal with Columbia and they asked me if I would want to do it. After reading the book I said I'd love to, unfortunately, the script has very little to do with the book itself, much as I liked it. It's an original story inspired by the setting and characters of the book. Moving on, SALEM'S

LOT I told you about. THE SWARM I wrote when I was at Fox, and it is based on the Arthur Herzog book about killer bees. It has been brought over to Warners from Fox and is going to be made here early in 1976. RUNYON AND WINCHELL is a project in development, under option to Warners although they haven't committed themselves yet. It will be an original based on the lives of Walter Winchell and Damon Runyon, just taking a period of their lives and not trying to be biography, but a portrait of a period of time. An attempt to deal with questions of "what is journalism?" and "when does the power of a man like Winchell become abusive?" It deals with some very heavy issues. EMBARGO and TOKYO HOSTAGE are two separate projects with a company called Deri Productions; they are based on a series of books by a freshman, Gerard de Villiers, about a mythical Coast Mafia. They're sold millions of copies in Europe...we're hoping to do sort of a James Bond number with those. I've finished EMBARGO, and it will be shooting this spring. McCUTCHEN is a film being written by

novelist Jesse Hill Ford, who I worked with on THE LIBERATION OF L.B. JONES. I'm going to produce his script if it works out. So those are the ten films up there.

DEADLY HANDS: What was the scope of your contract with Warners, financially?

SILLIPHANT: It was in excess of a million dollars, and that's not counting percentages. In other words, if a picture hits and makes a lot of money it can be very rewarding. I think that for that kind of deal, my contract is about as heavy as this town has known.

DEADLY HANDS: In as long a career as yours there are definite high and low points, winners and losers. What were a few of your losers—and why were they that way?

SILLIPHANT: Oh boy...the ones that really hurt...THE LIBERATION OF L.B. JONES, directed by William Wyler (who has won three Academy Awards.) A brilliant, savage book on the black/white

(Continued on page 62)



NEW MEANINGS OF AGGRESSION:

(Continued from page 41)

thing, and I think a fantastic screenplay. But we didn't leave room for anyone to turn around in that picture. It was rough, and it made everybody uneasy. I guess we dredged up emotions that were kind of a no-no, because the public just couldn't take it. Nobody could, black or white. It was a dreadful financial failure, for all that it's one of the scripts of which I am proudest. Another turkey was *A WALK IN THE SPRING RAIN*, of which I owned a staggering fifty percent. It never fails: when you've got the big chunk is when it really bombs out. God just seems to say "We're going to punish you for this one, baby." Being just over fifty, it occurred to me—and this was before the Art Carney film *HARRY AND TONTO*—that nobody had done much with a story about people over fifty who were in love. It also turned out that no one really cared, but I did, and so I did a film with Ingrid Bergman and Anthony Quinn. It was a work of love, really beautifully shot. But it was also a dull, energyless film that no one cared about, and the proof of that was that nobody went to the theatre. No matter how hard I tried I never licked the script, and the finished picture was very pastoral and absolutely a soporific. A real bummer. *That was a disaster.*

DEADLY HANDS: *Leaving the disasters behind, then, how about some things where everything worked right?*

SILLIPHANT: In terms of box office, I guess *IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT*, *CHARLY*, *THE NEW CENTURIONS*, *POSEIDON ADVENTURE*, *THE TOWERING INFERNO*.

DEADLY HANDS: *I was thinking of a more personal and less financial definition of success.*

SILLIPHANT: Definitely *IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT* and *CHARLY*. The former for Norman Jewison and Walter Marisch, both of whom were a delight to work with.

Hal Ashby, who has now become a director, was film editor for that movie, so story conferences were really fun. Every cut, every transition was in the script. *CHARLY* was good because of the relationship between star Cliff Robertson, director Ralph Nelson, and myself. There again I find that when you put two or three people together who have good will and are thinking the same way, and the project has any decent concept to begin with and everyone stays the hell out and lets you do what you

nowhere in an alley at night. You hold up your plaque and say "Hold on, teta, I'm a honorary!" I. But I'm about to go back and start concentrating on certain basic karate things. No katas. I'm just going to concentrate on street fighting, which is what I enjoy the most. I really like the rough and tumble. There's something about, you know... oh, a good kick to the knee, that is so gratifying.

DEADLY HANDS: *That image of*



want to do, you've got a very good chance of coming through. Of course that theory is blown by *A WALK IN THE SPRING RAIN*, where I was left alone and ended up going down in flames. But...

DEADLY HANDS: *Returning to the martial arts, what is your current training like? What are your hopes in that regard?*

SILLIPHANT: My own training right now is in terrible shape. The last year I have been so busy that I have not gone to the dojo, I have not worked out. I leveled off at the brown belt stage, though I have an honorary black belt (which gets you

you is a bit hard to reconcile with what we are doing now, sitting here in your office with you in a suit, and ah. Could you detain that a bit more?

SILLIPHANT: It's a beautiful thing when it is done right. You never think of the victim. You don't think of the form and the impact and the whole thing. But as Bruce used to say: "If a guy seven feet tall comes charging at you, don't let that bother you. All you do is look at your target, make your fastest shot, and say 'Thank you for bringing yourself to me.'" You've got to preserve the attitude that you didn't go to him, he came to you. I would never go out and just hit somebody in the knee.

But if some monster decides to do me in, and I can manage a good knee kick, it is a very gratifying feeling.

Slight interruption for the changing of the tape, during which I mention a book called MASQUE WORLD, by Alexei Panshin, to Sirling Silliphant. The reason behind it is that the dramatic climax of the book is arranged in such a way that the peak point of a very good book is when one character kicks another in the knee. No kidding.

SILLIPHANT: Don't forget to mention that. It's a lovely tie-in.

DEADLY HANDS: *Have you ever had any reason to actually experience this gratification you mention—I mean, to defend yourself unexpectedly against an assailant?*

SILLIPHANT: Since I met Bruce

there have been two occasions where, had I not known what I know, I would have ended up in restaurant brawls. Once was with a drunk and the other was with a very hostile guy. But because I knew what I was doing and had total confidence that I could hurt them very badly, I had no desire to fight. Instead I reversed the thing completely and ended up with both guys buying me drinks. It was an incredible thing. I said to myself later, "Bruce, bless your heart." Now, what you might do when you go into a parking lot at night and three guys with guns and knives come up... that's a heavy scene. You're liable to get killed. Thank god I've never had that happen. I think that what I would do—I know what I would do—is to be totally submissive and make no effort to resist. I would, of course, try not to be afraid. Yet if I saw that they were going to try and





Pam Silliphant with daughter Mikaela, aged 11.



draw down on me I would make some move. It's a big question, and you have to be damn sure of it. I don't care how good you are, you have to remember that there is somebody, somewhere, who is younger, faster, tougher, smarter, better—and who doesn't give a damn. If you meet that guy you're a dead man.

DEADLY HANDS: One of the men who wrote *THE GLASS INFERNO* (one of the two books you converted into *THE TOWERING INFERNO*), Frank Robinson, has commented that New Yorkers are easy marks because of their "hardboiledness." Trying to become an anonymous face in millions. Which is okay, and it gives you better odds, but it also means that when one of the famous sharks sights on you, you won't see him coming.

SILLIPHANT: That is it, precisely. You have to be ready.

DEADLY HANDS: When work and



personal goals, do you have right now? We know the list of films, but is there anything else?

SILLIPHANT: The work I don't think about. It just seems to flow. In terms of my lifestyle, my own body... for the last four months I've been on a strict conditioning thing, which I keep stressing up, and by January I'll be back in the dojo. I want to get my weight down to the athletic minimum, which is 150. That's lighter than I should be but I like the lighter weight. I feel better and faster. It's a great weight, a super weight. I don't care if you are five foot or six three... anyway, I want to maintain at that, get rid of any internal fat, continue my running and jogging, etc. As for the very personal lifestyle, right now I'm trying to get together the money to build a very expensive boat. I have a 30-foot sleep now, because I love sailing. Two years from now, when the projected boat is finished, it will be a 73-foot ocean-going ketch with a crew of four and myself. I intend to stay on it. Constantly move. When I finish writing something get it back to the studios, when they are ready for meetings come back, and then get back to the boat. Alternating between that and San Francisco, where we are moving in September. I've lived there off and on all my life, but I'd like to really stay there.

DEADLY HANDS: It's been a pleasure to listen to you, but before we close this off, some kind of final word. A lot of those who will read this are would-be artists, both literary and musical, and they look on someone in your position as someone who made it. Looking back, do you have any advice, any comment?

SILLIPHANT: If you want to do it badly enough, you'll do it. It's a salmon up-the-river number; survivors are few. Those who want to will find their own way, which is important. What screwed me up was listening to so many people, reading the *WALTER'S DIGEST*, becoming an expert in market reports and so forth. This gets back to Bruce's "no-style." Once I had no style, and got rid of all the honey styles I had learned and thought I was learning, and just let it happen, it worked. I guess I'm saying that you just have to simplify.



Before The

A special introduction to SWORDQUEST and a look at the people who created it.

By John Warner

My interests in the orient, though centered primarily around Japan, go back quite a ways (and, at this point, spans about three different publishing companies). Japan and the martial arts.

My interest in martial arts has always been there, but mostly as a form rather than as a way of life. Martial arts, like most anything that stands the old test of time, approaches many levels. To see it as merely a fighting form, a self defense, is to criminally oversimplify your approach to analysis. They are ritual. They are the discovery of oneself, through knowing your body, through meditation, and other means, and one way to get your act in gear and seek your goals. A lifestyle. The human animal needs ritual of one kind or another.

For Kwang-Che Yu, martial arts are (is? I can never keep that straight) a way of life. Everything that happens to him, everything he sees or perceives is, at some point, evaluated in relation to and by the same disciplines as his martial arts.

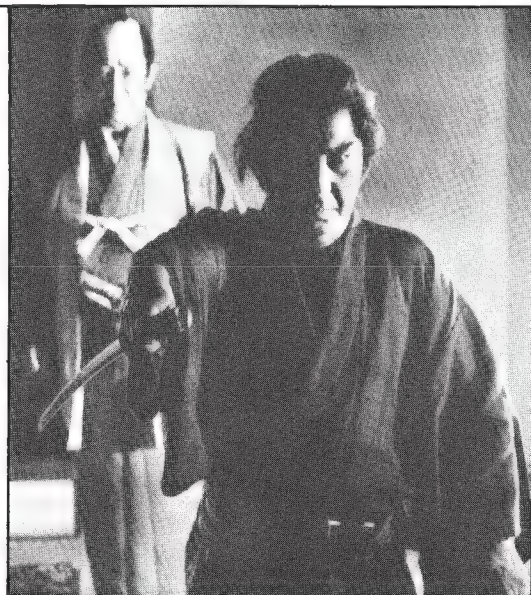
If you've never heard of Kwang-Che Yu, it is hardly surprising. He sprang, full-blown, from my head, a by-product of all my studies of the orient and my explorations of the martial arts. And he is the hero of the feature series that begins on page 44: SWORDQUEST!

I could go back and detail all the various incidents in my past that illustrate my interest in the orient long before I ever suspected such interest was there. But instead I'll settle for more recent history—New York City; 1972—to reveal what brought this obsession to my consciousness.

Akira Kurasawa.

Akira Kurasawa has been internationally hailed as one of the all-time great film directors. At the time I didn't know who he was, nor did I care. But a certain Chelsea theatre was running a festival of his films and a friend insisted I go see THE SEVEN SAMURAI. I did. I was in love. It was as simple as that. I came back for the rest, which included such classics as YOJIMBO, SANJURO and others. It was there that I came to be so fascinated by the martial arts—and above all, the Samurai.

I was so enthralled that I immediately went home and wrote my first Samurai story (a friend happened to have some good reference books for a whirlwind research job), a six page comics feature, which I promptly sold to my editor, one Archie Goodwin (I won't mention which company we were working for at



the time). Over the months after that (I kept on doing more and more reading) I was continually bugging Archie to let me do the samurai thing as a series, a six-page back up or something. He kept grumbling things like "Martial arts—bah! They're too esoteric, they'll never be commercial enough!" (this was still a few months before FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH hit the theaters.) Archie did, however, let me do one sequel to my samurai tale as well as a martial arts folk tale taking place in Viet Nam in 1284, during the invasion of the mongols.

So, now, all these years later I find myself here. The martial arts became a fad, the fad died, they became a genre. And all this has made it possible for me to do what I wanted to do three to four years ago. All things come to he who waits.

Yes, Kwang-Che Yu is mine, as are the events of his Swordquest. It is the product of my mind tempered by extensive research. And yet, Kwang-Che Yu is no longer completely mine. A part of him, as you see him now, belongs to Sanho Kim. Sanho and I spent quite a bit of time talking over the series and the characters and where we wanted to take it. He injected new ideas (he was especially helpful on the hard to find research on the Japanese invasion of the 1590s from the Korean viewpoint) and we both ended up refining each others ideas. And, in the art too, the character(s) become partially his, my ideas translated into the symbols of his unique pen artistry.

Regretably, through very unfortunate circumstances,



Quest!

Sanho was only able to do the first episode. Much as he wanted to continue, personal priorities interfered. And so, with the second, third and final episodes of SWORDQUEST, Tony DeZuniga will step in on the art chores. It is, decidedly, a different translation of my ideas than Sanho's, but I doubt that anyone will be too disappointed because I feel it is some of Tony's best work to date.

And now all those contributions to the series come together. The result follows. Now it is your interpretation which translates the ideas. Swordquest now belongs to you.

Briefly, the background is as follows:

In the late 16th century, a man by the name of Toyotomi Hideyoshi rose to power in Japan and, for the first time in a long while, achieved national unification of that country. For most of its history Japan had closed itself off from the outside world, even the rest of the orient. But Hideyoshi was ambitious, almost obsessed, with dreams of building a great Eastern empire, encompassing Korea and China. He apparently made this decision with little knowledge about Korea, which he somehow considered a part of Japan, just another territory to be unified with the rest, and even less knowledge of China. There were other reasons. By unifying Japan, it left most of the warrior class, the samurai, unemployed. Other possible reasons included the economic advantage of taking control of Korea's valuable trading enterprises (including trading with Western powers, which Japan was also beginning to

compete in).

Whatever the reasons, in 1592, Hideyoshi launched troops into Korea and later attacked China. China, in retaliation, sent troops into Korea to stop the Japanese. Yet, while the Chinese didn't come in quite as conquerors, they weren't exactly allies either. Their only interest was in protecting China. No one really cared about the Koreans whose land had become a battleground for the two other nations.

Korea was a nation of scholars. Weapons had been outlawed and they were an essentially peaceful people. But many, underground, had retained their martial arts, learning to become skillful with farm weapons and empty-hand forms. The Koreans were a peaceful people, but they were a strong people.

One such man was Kwang-Che Yu!

On a final note, there are two names mentioned in dedication on the splash page. Both of these people are in some way responsible for what has become SWORDQUEST. Janet is a fine Lady out in San Francisco who introduced me to the Samurai and was, for all intents and purposes, a catalyst in my turning towards things oriental (she also taught me how to eat with chop sticks). Wally Chow, whom I've somehow managed to lose contact with, was just a fine critic and would send me some truly fine books on Japan and other invaluable researches. His encouragement was vital.

There's nothing left now but for you to enjoy. And I hope you do—because we had a good time making it.

—John Warner

SWORDQUEST

KOREA--DURING THE DECADE OF THE 1590 S. IT IS A LAND OF TURMOIL, STRUGGLE AND DEATH! IN A MOVE OF UNPRECEDENTED IMPERIALISM, JAPAN PREPARES TO WAR AGAINST CHINA BY FIRST CONQUERING AND HOLDING KOREA.

ONE MAN RISES UP TO FIGHT THE FOREIGN INVADERS. HIS NAME IS KWANG-CHE YU AND HE IS A MAN WITH A MISSION.....

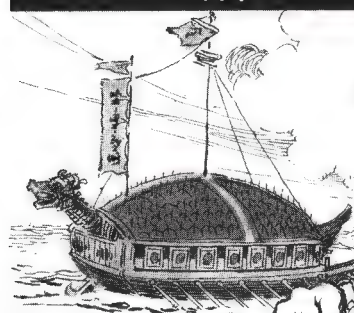
....TO FIND THE RAVEN SWORDS- MAN-- TO AVENGE A DEATH AND AT LONG LAST CLAIM THE LEGENDARY FIRESWORD THAT IS RIGHTFULLY HIS!

PART ONE

DESTINY CROSS-SWORDS

DEDICATED, WITH THANKS, TO JANET L. HARRIS & WALLY CHOW.

Story: JOHN WARNER Art: SANHO KIM



HMMM. A GOOD SESSION....
BUT THE SHADOWS MAKE TOO-EASY
OPPONENTS. HARDLY WORTH THE
RISK OF PRACTICING WITH AN
OUTLAWED WEAPON.

BUT AS LONG AS THE
JAPANESE AND **CHINESE** TEAR
AT OUR SOIL LIKE **CARRION**,
I SHALL **KEEP** MY SWORD.



THE DAY SUDDENLY SEEMS CHILL
AS KWANG-CHE **RETURNS** TO
HIS VILLAGE. HE PULLS HIS
CLOTHES TIGHTER AND FEELS THE
COOL **SWORD HILT**, HIDDEN IN
THEIR FOLDS, PRESS AGAINST
HIS SKIN.

HIS STOMACH **KNOTS** AS IF IN
ANTICIPATION...
BUT HE KNOWS NOT **WHY**.



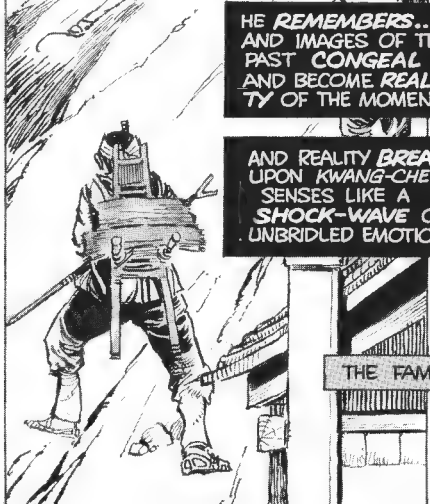
MEMORIES

KWANG-CHE REMEMBERS
ANOTHER TIME. HE HAD FELT
THE **SAME** SENSATION THEN,
RETURNING TO HIS **GRAND-
FATHER'S HOME** FROM THE
HARVEST FESTIVAL....



HE **REMEMBERS**....
AND IMAGES OF THE
PAST **CONGEAL**
AND BECOME **REALI-
TY** OF THE MOMENT.

AND REALITY **BREAKS**
UPON KWANG-CHE'S
SENSES LIKE A
SHOCK-WAVE OF
UNBRIDLED EMOTION!



THE FAMILIAR **RUFFLE** OF A CLOAK...



.... THE FAMILIAR **GLINT** OF A
SWORD.... A SWORD FROM
VERY LONG AGO....



MEMORIES ... HIS MIND IS SWEEPED
BACK ACROSS THE YEARS...

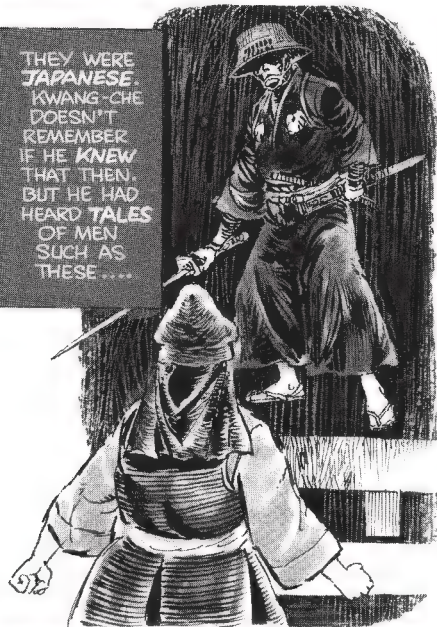
KOREA HAD BEEN A LAND OF **PEACE**
FOR SOME TIME UP TO THEN -- FOR
WHATEVER SELF-MOTIVATIONS, THE
GOVERNMENT HAD LONG SINCE **OUT-
LAWED** WEAPONS. THE PEOPLE TURN-
ED INSTEAD TO **LETTERS** AND THE
STUDIES OF THE WISDOMS -- AND
FALLACIES-- OF HUMANKIND.

BLOOD WAS SPILLED IN THE
DARKER ALLEYS OF THE CITY...

... NOT IN THE MANSION OF KOREA'S
MOST HONORED **MASTER SCHOLAR**.



THEY WERE
JAPANESE.
KWANG-CHE
DOESN'T
REMEMBER
IF HE **KNEW**
THAT THEN,
BUT HE HAD
HEARD **TALES**
OF MEN
SUCH AS
THESE



HIS GRANDFATHER HAD TOLD HIM TO
DISREGARD SUCH TALES AS **UNTRUE**...

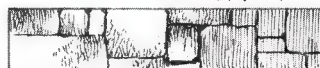
... **HIS**
GRANDFATHER...



... MEN DWELLING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
A THIN STRIP OF **OCEAN**. MEN, LITTLE MORE
THAN **BARBARIANS**. LIVING BY THE **SWORD**,
TAKING WHATEVER THEY DESIRED BY **FORCE**.



... HIS GRANDFATHER WHO
LAY IN HIS **OWN BLOOD** AT
THE HANDS OF **SUCH**
BARBARIANS!



KWANG-CHE HAS NEVER
KNOWN **WHY** THE BLACK-
ROBED SAMURAI LET HIM
LIVE THAT DAY...



... BUT HE KNEW HE WOULD
ONE DAY FIND THE **RAVEN-
CRESTED WARRIOR** AND
PROVE THE **FOLLY** OF
THAT **OVERSIGHT!**

MANY YEARS HAVE **PASSED** SINCE THEN-- KWANG-CHE HAS **NOT FORGOTTEN**. BUT, HAD HE, THE **SWORD** AT THE WARRIOR'S WAIST-- ONCE THE **PRIZED TREASURE** OF KWANG-CHE'S GRANDFATHER-- WOULD WELL HAVE **REMINDED** HIM.



YOU-- SEE THAT **ALL** THE VILLAGERS ARE ASSEMBLED... THEN TELL THEM WHAT IS **EXPECTED** OF THEM. THIS IS MY **VILLAGE** NOW.

YOUR VILLAGE?
HEH HEH HEH.
THE VILLAGERS WILL QUESTION THIS, EH?

NO LIVING MAN EVER QUESTIONS ME!



TEA AND SAKÉ,
SHOPKEEPER.

WAIT.
THAT **GIRL--**
I HAD NO IDEA THESE **KOREANS GREW FLOWERS** AS WELL AS **OXEN.**
CALL HER OVER **HERE!**

AND IT'S TOO **BRIGHT** IN HERE-- **TURN OUT EVERY LAMP BUT MINE.**

HAI! SUN-OK!



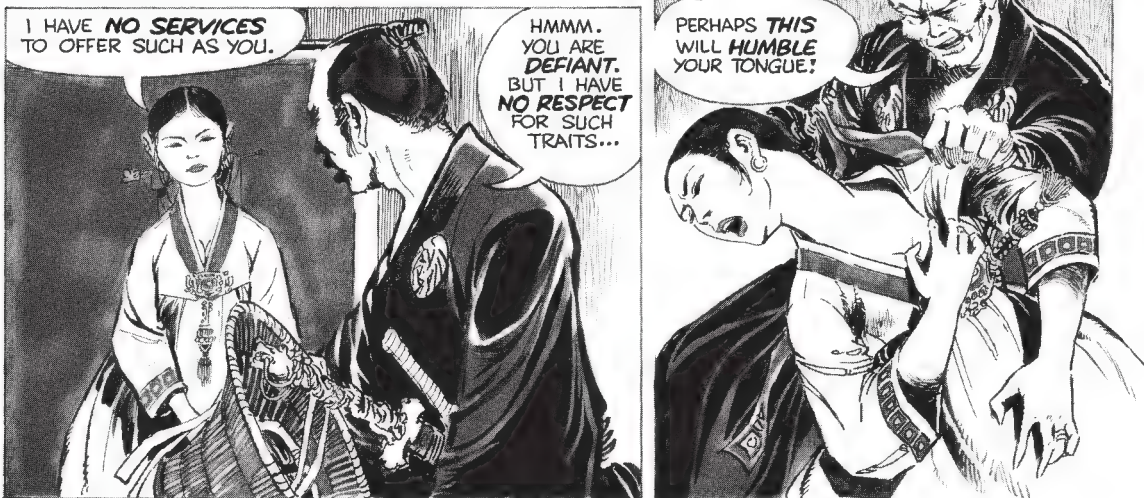
HER NAME IS **SUN-OK YOON** AND AS SHE SOLEMNLY CROSSES THE TEA HOUSE, SHE **STUDIES** THE MAN IN BLACK. SHE HAS SEEN THE **DISREGARD** THIS MAN HAS FOR HER PEOPLE AND IT **SICKENS** HER.

I HAVE **NO SERVICES** TO OFFER SUCH AS YOU.

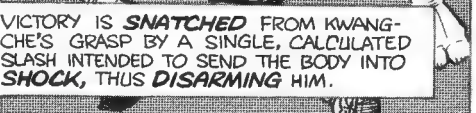
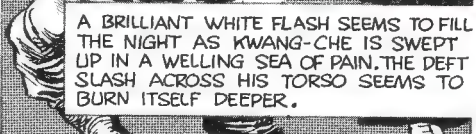
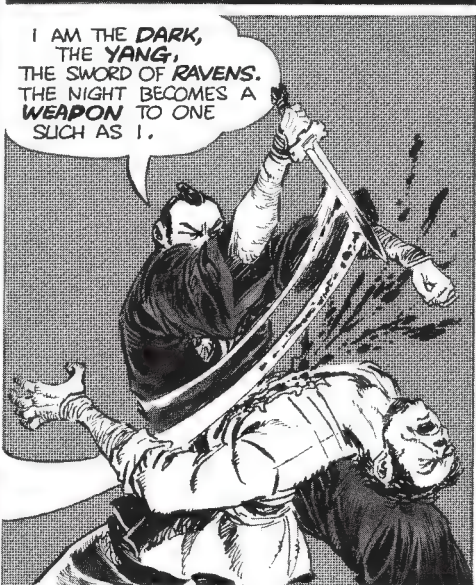
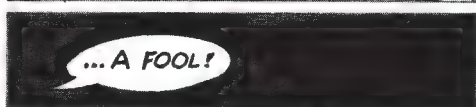
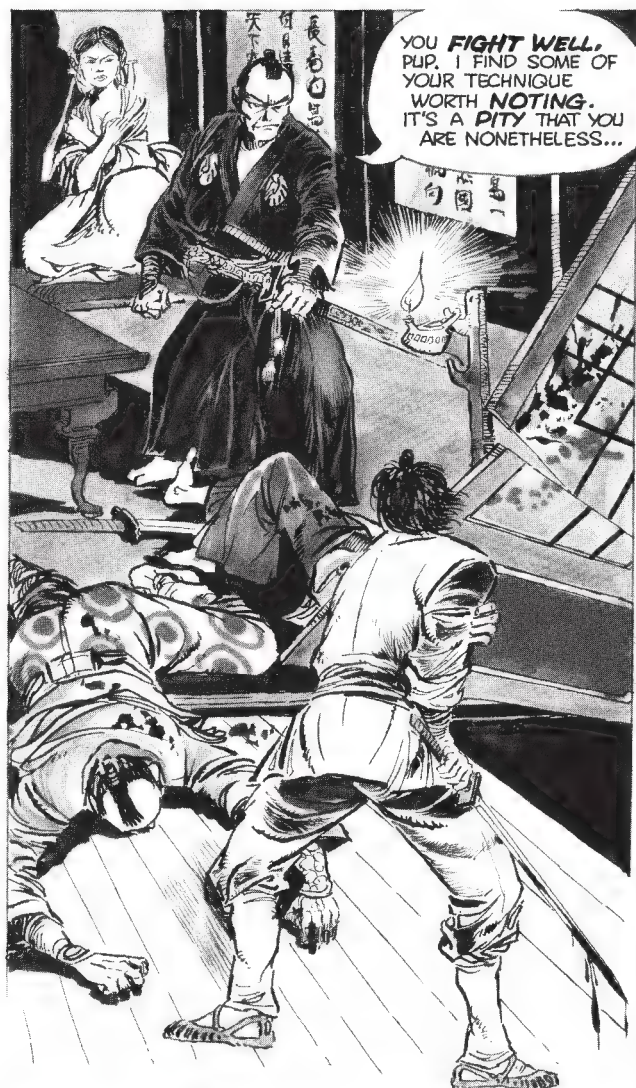
HMMM.
YOU ARE **DEFIANT.**
BUT I HAVE **NO RESPECT** FOR SUCH TRAITS...

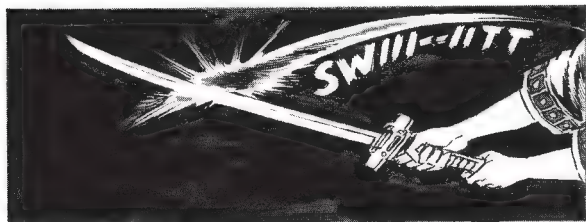
...I ONLY **SUBDUED** THEM!

PERHAPS **THIS** WILL **HUMBLE** YOUR TONGUE!









YOU WILL
SPEND THE NIGHT,
I **PROMISE** YOU.
NOW, **COME**....
I WISH SAKE!
YOU WILL **POUR**
FOR ME!

DARKNESS TRICKLES AWAY AS **LIGHT**
AND **IMAGE** SEEP INTO KWANG-CHE'S
EYES. HIS BODY IS STIFF, A SLIGHT
SHARPNESS STILL LINGERING IN
HIS **CHEST**.

SHHHH!
YOU'LL BE BETTER
NOW. I FOUND YOU--
AFTER THE ONE CALLED
RAVEN BECAME
BORED AND DISCARDED
ME.

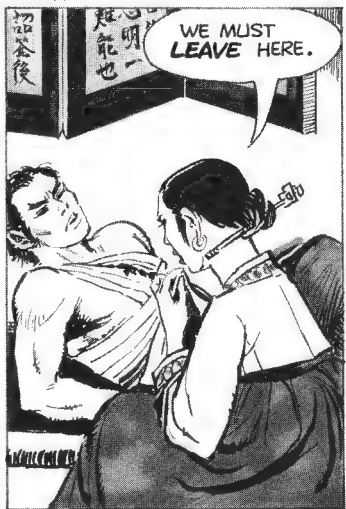
HUH?
HEY, WHERE
AM I...?
WHERE...?



THERE IS A TREMOR OF **LOATHING**
IN HER VOICE, AND THE
SCALDING FIRES OF **HATRED** IN
HER EYES. YET THERE IS ALSO
EMPATHY.

IN THAT SILENT MOMENT, **HATRED**
-- AND **EMPATHY**--FORM A **MUTUAL**
BOND BETWEEN THE TWO OF
THEM.

WE MUST
LEAVE HERE.



ARE YOU
SURE YOU ARE
STRONG
ENOUGH...?

IF I **WERE**
STRONG ENOUGH,
I'D **STAY**
AND
KILL HIM !



YOU!
BOTH OF YOU--**HALT!**
NO ONE IS TO LEAVE THIS
VILLAGE UNLESS **RAVEN**
AUTHORIZES IT!

WE ARE
LEAVING-- AND
I WILL GIVE YOU
MY OWN
AUTHORIZATION!

WITH **INNER STRENGTH**--
THE SHEER WILL TO
SURVIVE--KWANG-CHE
OVERCOMES HIS WEAKENING PAIN.

... AND, WITH **EMPTY-FIST**,
CONFRONTS AND TAKES HIS
OPPONENTS!

YET, **EMPTY-FIST** IS NOT
ENTIRELY **ACCURATE**, FOR
THESE FISTS HOLD MORE
THAN A DECADE'S **TRAINING**
IN **MARTIAL ARTS**.....

... AND **DETERMINATION**, FUELED BY **PASSION**!

HURRY.
I KNOW PLACES...
FAR AWAY
IN THE MOUNTAINS
WHERE **NO ONE**
WILL EVER FIND
US-- UNTIL WE
WANT THEM TO!

YES! AND YOU WILL **TEACH** ME
YOUR **MARTIAL ARTS**-- BOTH OUR
HANDS WILL FINALLY **DEFEAT**
THE **RAVEN WARRIOR**.

A YEAR PASSES....

KWANG-CHE AND SUNOK FIND **SHELTER** IN A SMALL MOUNTAIN **SHRINE**. THERE THEY **COMFORT** ONE ANOTHER AND **NURSE** EACH OTHER'S WOUNDS.

THEN THE PERIOD OF **RIGOROUS TRAINING** BEGINS AS KWANG-CHE SEARCHES HIS MIND FOR **COUNTER MOVES** TO THE RAVEN'S UNIQUE SYSTEM, AND AS THE YOUTH TEACHES HIS SKILLS TO SUNOK.

SUNOK LEARNS **WELL** AND **FAST** AND KWANG-CHE REGARDS HER PROGRESS WITH **PRIDE**.... AND, AT TIMES, **PUZZLEMENT**-- THAT **ANYONE** COULD DEVELOP SO **SWIFTLY**.

BUT, THEN, HE HAS FOUND **MUCH** TO PUZZLE HIM ABOUT THIS WOMAN. QUIET, THOUGHTFUL, BOTH HER PAST AND HER FUTURE LIE **VEILED** BY **VAGUERIES** AND **DOUBTS**.

BUT FOR NOW THEY MIGHT **SMILE**-- BUT **NEVER** FORGETTING THEIR GOAL!





YOU ARE
THOUGHTFUL
AGAIN
TONIGHT.

YES,
TEACHER.

YOU CALL
ME **TEACHER**.
WHY?
PERHAPS I AM;
BUT AM I NOT
ALSO A
FRIEND?

THE PAST HOLDS
MUCH **BITTERNESS** FOR
ME. **LATER**, PERHAPS

FOR NOW,
BE MY **TEACHER**--NO MORE,
NO LESS. PERHAPS, ONE DAY,
OUR BATTLES WILL BE **WON**,
OUR DRAGONS WILL BE **SLAIN**.



NO... FRIENDS **DIE**.
TEACHER'S **FIGHT** AT YOUR
SIDE. IT'S NOT THE SAME,
NOT SO **EMBURDENING**.

YOUR VOICE
SPEAKS FROM
THE **PAST**.



PERHAPS. THE PRESENT
IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE--
WE ARE MERELY **WAITING**--
TWO POLLEN SEEDS WAFTED
ON THE WIND OF FATE.
AND THE FUTURE IS A
SHADOWED FOREST IN
THE DISTANCE. I PREFER
TO **LOOK AWAY** UNTIL
I HAVE TO FACE IT.

YET
YOU **NEVER**
TALK OF YOUR
PAST.

AND, IN **OTHER PLACES**, OTHER DRAMAS CONTINUE TO EVOLVE...

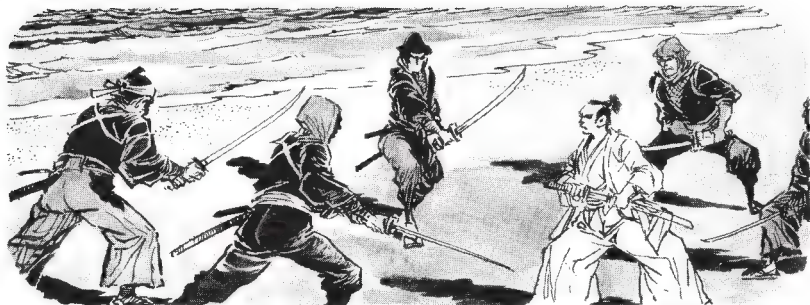


MY LORD--
THE SEAGULL STILL **LIVES**!
HE MET AND **BESTED** THE
AMBUSH PARTY. ONLY I
ESCAPED ALIVE.

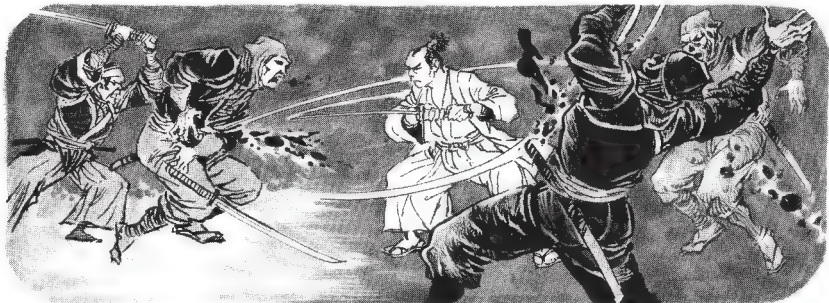
WHAT??

"WE LAY IN WAIT AT THE DESIGNATED PLACE... AND HE PASSED THAT WAY, JUST AS YOU WERE TOLD."

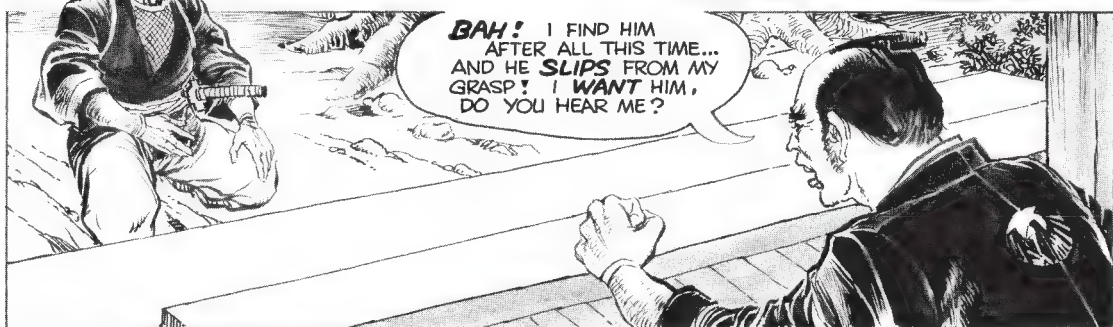
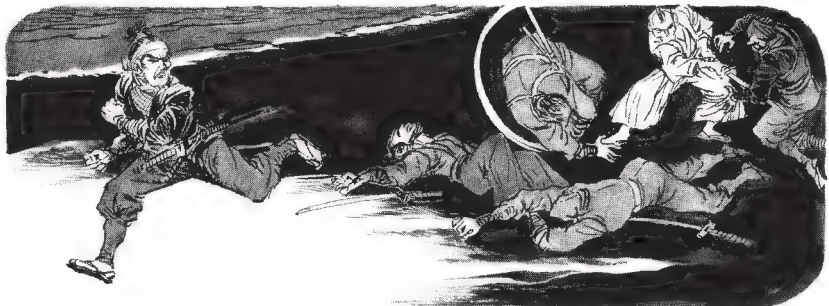
"BUT LITTLE ELSE WENT ACCORDING TO *PLAN*."



"EACH OF OUR MEN PERFORMED **EXCEPTIONALLY**— BUT HE IS A MOST **CURIOUS** AND **UN-NATURAL** FIGHTER!"



"WE **FAILED**— AND I **RAN**. AM DISHONORED."



"FIND ME THE SEAGULL SWORDSMAN?!"





YOU...
HOLD!

AHHHH...
YOUNG MASTER.
I FEAR YOU ARE
FAR TOO **BRASH**
TO BE A PRIEST
AND TOO
FORTHRIGHT
FOR A BANDIT.

SHUT UP,
JAPANESE SCUM!
WHERE ARE THE
OTHERS--?
SURELY YOU
DON'T TRAVEL
THESE
MOUNTAINS
ALONE.

HA! AND WHY NOT? WHAT
HAVE I TO **FEAR** BUT MARAUDING
"**PRIESTS**", HMMMM?

HATE WELLS WITHIN THE YOUTH--UNREASONING HATE THAT SEES
BUT A SINGLE FACE. THE **JAPANESE** ARE AS **ONE** TO HIM...



... AND THEY **ALL**
WEAR RAVEN-BLACK
CLOACKS!



HE IS EXTREMELY
SKILLFULL AND **SWIFT**...

... BUT HE HAS THE
ARROGANCE OF **RIGHTEOUS**
ANGER. IT **BLINDS** HIM...

... AND **WASTES**
HIS MIND...

...THUS **SLOWING**
THE BODY?





HO, YOUNG MASTER!
YOU BOTHER TOO MUCH
WITH MY **WEAPON**,
ASSUMING THE SWORD
LEND ME MY
ADVANTAGE.

AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUNG MASTER,
I NEED **NO** SWORD. NOW, WILL YOU
CALM YOURSELF... I HAVE COME A
LONG WAY TO SEE A **PUPIL** AND
I ONLY WISH TO **AID** YOU IN YOUR
CAUSE !

LIAR!
DOG!
LIHHMMPH!



KWANG-CHE IS **PUZ-
ZLED**. ONE MOMENT
HE IS HELD HELPLESS,
THE NEXT HE IS CAST
THROUGH THE AIR
LIKE A WINDBORNE
LEAF.

KWANG-CHE HAS
NEVER BEFORE
ENCOUNTERED
JUTSU-RYO!*



I SEE THAT YOU
ARE **NOT** READY TO
END THIS FOOLISH
NESS !

* **EARLY
AIKIDO--
JUDO
TYPE ART.**



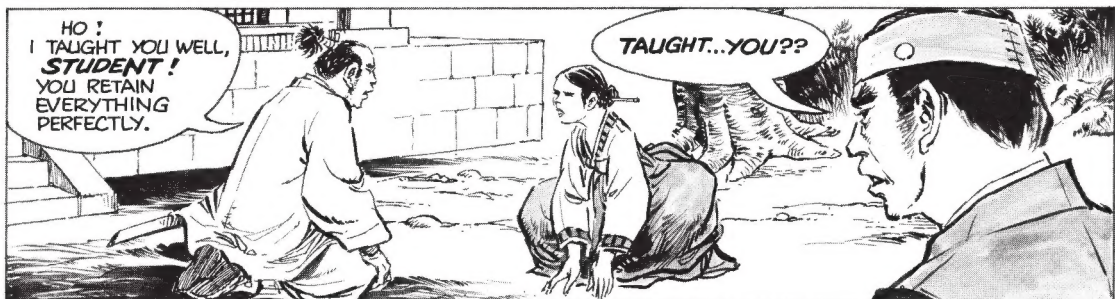
AAIII...!!
SO-- THE
WATCHFUL
STUDENT
JOINS IN
BATTLE !



**SUNOK...
NO!**

IF SUNOK HEARS KWANG-CHE'S
WORDS, SHE **DOESN'T ANSWER**.
SHE IS ...

... **DISTRACTED !**



HO ?
I TAUGHT YOU WELL,
STUDENT !
YOU RETAIN
EVERYTHING
PERFECTLY.

TAUGHT...YOU??

FORGIVE ME, TEACHER.
I DID NOT TELL YOU OF MY
PAST--OR MY MARTIAL
TRAINING-- BECAUSE I
COULD NOT ! I WAS **SWORN**
NOT TO. BUT WE **NEED** YOU....
YOU WILL SOON UNDERSTAND
EVERYTHING !

YOU
FALSELY BUILD
MY PRIDE IN YOU
AS YOUR
TEACHER TO
ENTRAP ME
SOMEHOW--
INTO
BETRAYING
MY PEOPLE ?!

THEY
ARE
MY
PEOPLE
TOO !

NO !
I **KNOW**
YOUR
PEOPLE !

YOUR PEOPLE **OPPRESS**
A NATION AT A WHIM--
THEIR VERY SEEDS ARE SOWN
IN **BLOOD !** YOUR PEOPLE
ARE THE **JAPANESE...** AND
YOU ARE **DAMNED !** FOR
I WILL SEE YOU AND YOURS
DEAD BY MY OWN
HANDS !

WE MUST
STOP HIM !

I UNDERSTAND
ENOUGH !

NO. LET HIM **GO**.
WE HAVE UNWITTINGLY OPENED
WOUNDS THAT GO MUCH
DEEPER THAN MOMENTARY
ANGER ...

... WOUNDS THAT
WOULD EXPLAIN WHY HE **HATES**
JAPANESE AS A **CONCEPT**, NOT
A PEOPLE.

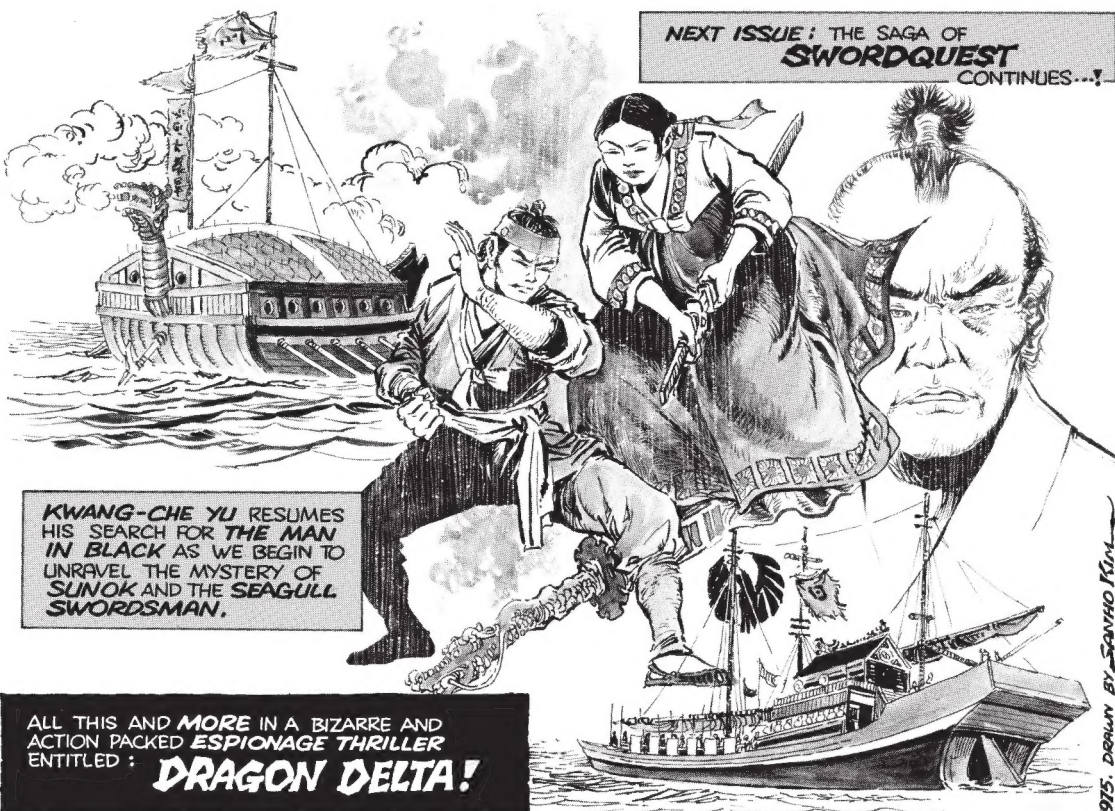


HE IS
IN GREAT
PAIN,
SENSEI!

WE ARE NOT
ABANDON-
ING HIM ...
WE SHALL
MERELY **BIDE**
OUR TIME.



NEXT ISSUE: THE SAGA OF
SWORDQUEST
CONTINUES...!

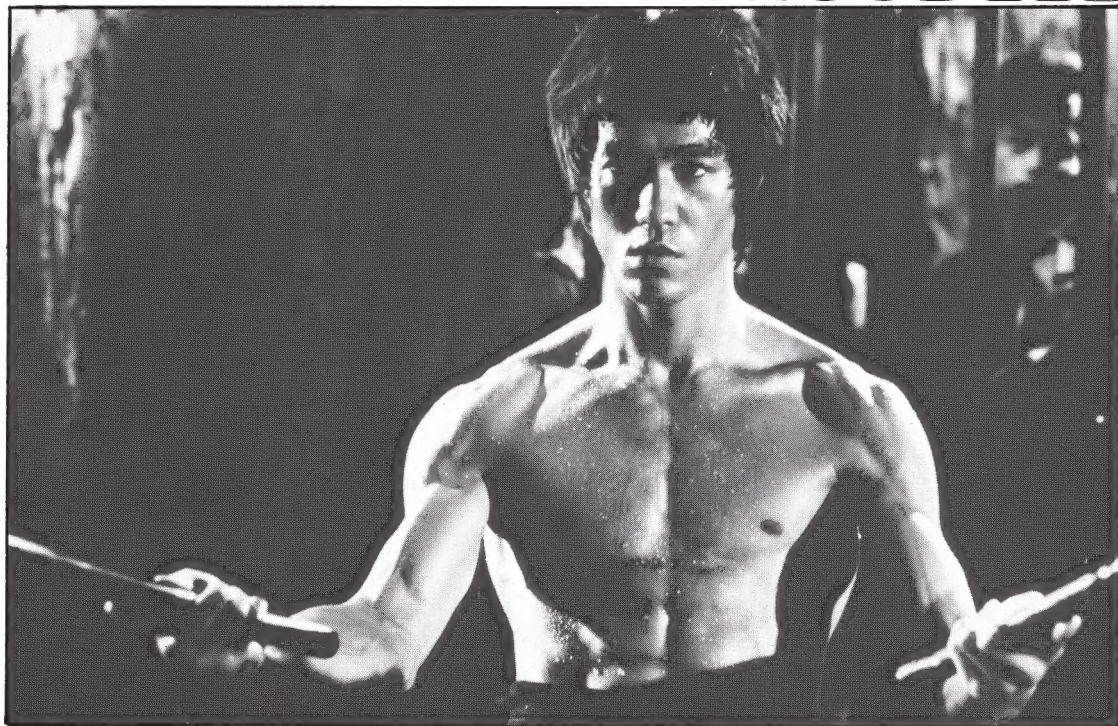


KWANG-CHE YU RESUMES
HIS SEARCH FOR **THE MAN**
IN **BLACK** AS WE BEGIN TO
UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF
SUNOK AND THE **SEAGULL**
SWORDSMAN.

ALL THIS AND **MORE** IN A BIZARRE AND
ACTION PACKED **ESPIONAGE THRILLER**
ENTITLED : **DRAGON DELTA!**

1975. DRAWN BY SANHO KIM

NEXT ISSUE **BRUCE LEE**



THE MAN AND THE LEGEND

In our next issue's special article section, our roving feature reporter, JIM WHITMORE, takes a look at Bruce Lee through the eyes of the many artists at work on the long-awaited feature film of his life. Jim talks to ROBERT CLOUSE about what has happened in the year since the project was begun—the desperate search for an actor who would play what must possibly be the most difficult role conceived. Jim also provides us with an in-depth interview with the man who was finally selected. You won't want to miss this one.

And, in the selfsame issue, SWORDQUEST part II, and the ever-fighting WHITE TIGER returns! That's issue #26; on sale June 15. \$1.00

We get better every issue, pilgrim.

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